THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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CORNER-STONE LAID.

Magnificent Demonstration at the Laying of the Corner-Stone of the New Alexian Hospital—Enthusiasm of the People.

An Imposing Parade of the Catholic Societies—The Archbishop Performs the Ceremony.

With solemn rites and imposing pageantry Archbishop Feehan and assisting clergymen yesterday afternoon dedicated the splendid new hospital of the Alexian Brothers at Belden and Racine avenues, says the Tribune of last Monday.

There were 25,000 people congested in the region within two blocks in each direction as participants in the services, and although only comparatively few were able to crowd near enough to see, much less hear, any part of the programme, they stood patiently for two hours, well pleased at so small a part in the notable Catholic occasion.

The North Side has not seen such an outpouring for a long time. Beginning at 1 o'clock detachments of the big parade began to assemble in lodge rooms, at churches, and along the street-car lines. As fast as societies formed ranks they began to move towards St. Michael's church, Cleveland avenue and Eugenie street, which was designated as the starting place of the parade.

By 2 o'clock the avenues, cross streets and street cars were alive with men and boys in uniform. Sidewalks were blocked at points a mile from the new building, while people watched the moving columns. Before 3 o'clock, which was the time for starting the columns from St. Michael's, there was hardly standing room anywhere in the region of the church.

It was a difficult task for the police to make way for the parading societies when, an hour later, Chief Marshal Peter Kiolbassa, at the head of a file of men and boys numbering probably 8,000, turned into Belden avenue. Troops passed and repassed, and a glance at the speakers' platform, still empty, was all that any of the first in the column saw of the exercises.

The paraders marched in seven divisions, grouping the character of the organizations represented. These were:

FIRST DIVISION.

Comprising all military and semi-military bodies; Adam Jaeger, Division Marshal.

SECOND DIVISION.

Subordinate courts of the Catholic Order of Foresters; Daniel Herlihy, Division Marshal.

THIRD DIVISION.

Young men's societies; Leopold Kirchner, Division Marshal.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Ancient Order of Hibernians; Lawrence Henely, Division Marshal.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Polish, Bohemian and French societies; George Dalziel, Division Marshal.

SIXTH DIVISION.

German societies; Adam Schillo, Division Marshal.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

Fire Department and miscellaneous societies, carriages, etc.

Archbishop Feehan's party approached the front veranda of the building from their sojourning place in St. Josaphat's school under escort of Father Lambert's fife and drum corps of fifty young boys. It was a solemn and impressive procession. The Rev. George D. Heldman, master of ceremonies, preceded the prelates. Father Butler of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, as deacon, and Father Netstracter, of Wilmette, sub-deacon, walked in advance of the Archbishop, who was attended by twenty-four priests, a company of the Alexian Brothers, acolytes, and others. Among the priests were the Rev. Abbott Jaeger, of the Bohemian Benedictines, and Father Lambert, S.J.

The Archbishop walked under a white and gold canopy borne by four aged men belonging to the Wstrzemiezliwosci society. He wore a mitre and full pontifical vestments and carried the crozier. Acolytes bore candles, the vessel of holy water and incense.

The exercises began with a manner-chor rendition of "Stilling the Tempest." The prelate then marched around the building to the court, and there, because of the crowd without, blessed the inner walls, each in turn. At the spot where the chapel altar will be erected a wooden cross had been set up, and there also the party paused to enact the silent and impressive ceremony of sanctioning the cross.

As the building has been constructed up to the third story, over where the corner-stone was to be laid the block of stone rested on rollers to be shot into its resting-place. The copper box holding copies of the current Catholic papers and a scroll engrossed with the record of the event was deposited in its cavity.

Archbishop Feehan first drew three crosses upon the stone, then took the golden aspergill from the vessel of holy water and sprinkled the stone. It was rolled into the wall and sealed up.

The priests broke out into a melodious chant. It was the "Ora Pro Nobis," and while they chanted, kneeling, Father Danz and Father Schaefer leading the service, Archbishop Feehan read prayers. This ceremony took place upon a low platform erected by the corner-stone. Over the platform was placed a canopy, with the papal colors crossed in front and surrounded by the red, white and blue of the Stars and Stripes.

While these exercises were in enactment the endless columns of societies, mounted and on foot, with bands playing gayly and banners waving, were passing the building. It seemed a bit out of taste to those near enough to catch the pathetic strains of the priestly chant to have the service drowned out by "two steps," inspiriting patriotic airs. Evidently no arrangements had been made to have the bands quit playing as they approached the building, but as the greater part of the audience heard nothing more than band music, only a handful perhaps realized the embarrassment.

Throughout the exercises Brother Alaysius Schyns, provincial rector, and his brethren of the Alexian order, whose energies had gone to put up the splendid structure being dedicated to the alleviation of human suffering—the men, too, whose lives will be buried behind those walls in communion with grief—sat modestly in the background, the only participats not sharing in the pomp of the occasion, yet from their shining faces richest in its pleasures.

Among the guests on the balcony were Mayor Swift, visiting clergymen, prominent Catholics, men loving philanthrophy, and a company of physicians and surgeons.

Addresses were made by five priests in different languages. The Rev Father I. P. Aylward spoke first in English. His address was the longest, and was a eulogy upon the Alexian Brotherhood, its great sacrifices and services for mankind, and the record of the Catholic church for the practical humanities. He commented upon the fact that although the order represented a religious sect, its work was dedicated to humanity without regard to belief, and therefore, at the formal adoption of this charitable monument, men gathered without reference to creed to bless the Alexian order.

The Rev. Father V. Barzynski, of St. Stanislaus parish, addressed the Poles. The Rt.-Rev. Abbott N. Jaeger, O.S.B., of St. Procopius church, spoke in Bohemian. The French heard their tongue from the Rev. P. J. Gelanas, of Notre Dame church. The Rev. M. Erz made the concluding address in German. Darkness had fallen when the service was ended.

"LIFE OF PATRICK SARSFIELD, EARL OF LUCAN."

The above contribution to the new Irish Library series, from the pen of Mr. John Todhunter, is as most instructive and attractive bit of reading on that particular epoch of Irish history. In a style lucid, unaffected, and sufficiently ornamental style, the career of the famous typical Irish general is faithfully sketched, while the reader is generously treated to the historical panorama of the Boyne, Limerick, Athlone and Aughrim.

The Sarsfields came over to Ireland in the reign of Henry II, about the year 1170, and settled down as Anglo-Norman gentry of the Pale. The subject of this book was the great grandson of Sir William Sarsfield, who held the manor of Lucan, and was created Earl of Lucan in 1691 by James II. Patrick Sarsfield's brother (William) had a daughter (Anne) who married one Vesey having a daughter who married Sir John Bingham. Charles Bingham, the result of this union, was created Baron Bingham in 1776, and made Earl of Lucan in 1795.

Patrick Sarsfield's mother was Anne O'Moore, daughter of the famous Rory O'Moore, who, together with Sir Phelim O'Neill, figured prominently in the insurrection of 1641. The date and place of his birth are involved in some mystery, but the most accepted version is that he was born in the year 1650 in his father's residence at Lucan. In a military college in France his early education was administered to him. During his first years he served under Monmouth in Flanders and France, but it was under Luxembourg, the redoubtable adversary of William, that his first lessons in the art of war were acquired; and, curious to mention, under the same general he fought his last battle at Landen, in 1693, where he received a mortal wound.

Among the many entertaining chapters in Mr. Todhunter's work, that on the battle of the Boyne seems to us to be especially so. He accepts the now almost unanimously received opinion that James had no intention of fighting the battle at all, but meant merely to effect a safe retreat to Dublin, at the same time making a pretense to fight for the purpose of pleasing the Prestons, the Talbots, the Nugents, the Flemings, and the Kavanaghs, and gallant gentlemen of Meath and Leinster, who risked life and fortune in his cause.

Considering the overwhelming advantages on the Williamite side, it is a matter of great surprise that the Jacobite forces were not utterly and absolutely annihilated. Forty-five thousand men, containing some of the best soldiers in Europe, were opposed to 20,000, some of whom were raw recruits—fifty pieces of field artillery against six small pieces. In the face of such odds, it is amazing that the Jacobite loss only amounted to something between 8.0 and 1,2.0, the greater portion of whom were killed in the retreat to Dublin. Nevertheless, the Jacobite generals were most competent and brilliant men; the horse earned immortality for their irresistible and persistently undaunted charges. The infantry did not "scamper to the mountains," for there were none; and Macaulay's calumny charging the Jacobite infantry with cowardice must disappear before the direct testimony of Berwick, an illustrious Englishman, an experienced soldier, one of the gentlemen of Europe in his day, supported as it is by the letters of Lauzun. The Williamite loss was about 400 killed. Mr. Todhunter says "It was little more than a drawn battle, James effecting his purpose, such as it was, of a retreat to Dublin without irretrievable damage." Standish O'Grady, in his story of Ireland, regards the battle of the Boyne as one of the famous battles of the world. It proved the Stuart dynasty was doomed. To the eye it was a skirmish, but in fact it was one of the decisive battles of the world.

Very little, indeed, is known of the private life of Sarsfield. Though he was never in supreme command of an army, yet in his character the critical eye will easily perceive some of the leading features that have distinguished great generals. In a very marked degree he possessed the power of inspiring with courage and enthusiasm those under him. In difficulties or defeat the fertility and spontaneity of his resource were wonderful. He received the marshal's baton about 1693, shortly after which he met his death. As he was heading gallantly and victoriously a charge of the flower of the French cavalry in the battle of Landen, a musket bullet hit him in the breast mortally wounding him. It is recorded that as he lay on the battlefield bleeding, he exclaimed on seeing the blood profusely streaming from the wound, "Would to God this were shed for Ireland!" July, 1693, he died.

Buried in the village of Huy, no stone or sign marks his grave. By his wife, Lady Honor de Burgho, daughter of the Earl of Clanricarde, he left one son, James Francis Edward, who, without any historic notoriety, died at St. Omer, 1719, leaving no issue: his only daughter married the King of Corsica.

Lady Lucan, his wife, surviving him, married the Duke of Berwick in 1695, and died in 1698, outlawed by King William.

This book of 200 pages, for one shilling, is excellent reading indeed, and the neat, up-to-date and presentable manner in which it is put before the public reflects great credit on the widely-known publisher, T. Fisher-Unwin, London.—Waterford Citizen.

John Mitchel.

This stern Ulsterman, the son of a Unitarian minister, had been a student of Trinity college, then a writer and finally an assistant editor of the Nation. He now openly proclaimed that constitutional agitation was useless and demoralizing, and that the time was come for Ireland to have resource to the ultima ratio of the oppressed. The question of physical force was openly debated in the Confederation, and strange to say was violently opposed by O'Brien, Dillon, Duffy and Meagher. Mitchel and his policy were outvoted, and with a few followers he retired from the Confederation hall. Forthwith he cut all connection with the Nation, and, the better to vent his revolutionary doctrines, founded a weekly newspaper, the United Irishman. And here revolution was preached with a vengeance. He openly called upon the people to revolt, explained the method of procedure and urged them to instant action.

Never was such a spectacle seen in Ireland. He had the unheard of audacity to fill his columns with the bitterest sarcasm and invective addressed to the Lord-Lieutenant, "her Majesty's Executioner-General and General Butcher in Ireland. He warned his excellency of the brewing tempest. He defied him to seize his paper, to arrest or convict him. "If ever you get me within your power," he wrote, "I entreat you to show me no mercy, as I, so help me God, would show none to you." This extraordinary proceeding was received with shouts of anger and derision, both by the O'Connellite party and his late colleagues of the Confederation. For once, Orangemen and Repealers, Whigs and Tories were in unison. One and all they denounced the bold Ulsterman. He was a madman, an idiot, a reckless villain.

But great events were pending which were destined to put the desperate game entirely in Mitchel's hands, and to sweep away with him in the revolutianary current, his hitherto sturdiest opponents.—James McNamee, in Donahoe's Magazine.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

15 Days in Yellowstone Park.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company desires to call attention to a very completely arranged tour through the Wonderland of America, under the management of the well-known tourist manager, Mr. J. J. Grafton. The party will leave Chicago on Tuesday evening, July 21, by electric-lighted train, with dining-car, to be absent three weeks. The petrified forest and many other attractive features of the park will be included in the itinerary, that the traveler, going through the ordinary way, does not see. A party will also leave Chicago for Alaska via Yellowstone Park, the same date.

For full particulars, address George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

THE O'GORMAN MAHON.

Superb Sketch of the Old Irish Chevalier, Who Linked the Days of O'Connell With Those of Parnell, by T. P. O'Connor, Member of Parliament.

A Man Who Had No Nerves, Fought Three Duels in One Morning, and Laughed When Death Finally Conquered Him at the Age of Ninety.

In his brilliant sketches of his personal experiences as a public man, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., draws a strong and stirring picture of the late renowned soldier and parliamentarian, The O'Gorman Mahon, who was the right hand fighting man of Daniel O'Connell in the Clare election of 1828. We excerpt the following from the sketch:

Those who never saw and knew The O'Gorman Mahon will never be able to realize what the Irishman of the old type was like. He died only three or four years ago; then he was at least 90 years of age, so that he came into existence just as the eighteenth century was dying. The O'Gorman, to some extent, was an eighteenth century figure. In looking at him one could summon up the figures of the men who either fought for or sold the old Irish parliament. In some respects The O'Gorman had all their faults and virtues; but he was free from one of their most characteristic weaknesses. He could take his whack—to use the familiar phrase—at dinner, and often I have seen him in the smoking room take a stiff gin and soda and smoke a very black briar root when he must have been over eighty years of age; but he was never—at least, in my time—what could be called a hard drinker, and the men of the eighteenth century undoubtedly were hard drinkers. But The O'Gorman Mahon was in other respects exactly of the same [illegible]. He was a Nationalist beyond all doubt; he was self-governed again; but he was a Nationalist of a somewhat different type from those with whom he was acting He had been a landlord—I fear I must add that, owing probably to the land having passed out of his possession into that of others—not a very model landlord. He had gone through a very adventurous career, and at one time was the most noted duellist in Ireland.

It is somewhat hard for us of this generation to understand the love of duelling which The O'Gorman preserved to his dying day. But it must be remembered that long after the O'Gorman was born, the leading politicians of both England and Ireland were ready to go out and fight. Wellington and Canning both fought duels—at least, I am certain Wellington did. Daniel O'Connell killed a man in a duel. At one time, and as recently as 1846, Sir Robert Peel seriously thought of challenging Mr. Disraeli. And in the case of The O'Gorman Mahon there was a justification for his love of this savage method of settling political differences. It is almost impossible now to understand the insolence and arrogance of the party—religious and political—which held complete sway in Ireland when O'Connell and The O'Gorman Mahon were prominent figures. It was the function of a man like The O'Gorman to meet insolence with insolence, and to accept whatever consequences this aggressive attitude might involve. And The O'Gorman was ready for anything. He was extraordinary in his absolute want of the sensation of fear. That reckless bravery—that absolute insensibility to anything like nervous tremors—he preserved to the very end of his life, as will presently be seen.

Some of the stories he would tell of his adventures were calculated to make one's blood run cold, and at the same time to excite hearty laughter. He was not an articulate man, and though he was often begged to write his memoirs, he never could be got to put pen to paper. I am not sure that even if he had been induced to write he would have produced a volume which would have done anything like justice to the intense interest of his career. But through a somewhat confused mass of detail you sometimes got glimpses of strange scenes. I do not remember the details—I cannot say that I ever really grasped them—but I have vague recollection of one case in which, owing first to a misunderstanding between the principals, and then to misunderstandings between the fiery and quick-tempered seconds, The O'Gorman Mahon found himself involved in three or four duels on the same morning, and in the very same field; at one time being principal, at another, second. He told the story in the most natural way in the world, as if standing up to be killed three or four times in the course of half an hour were an occurrence of the most prosaic and ordinary character. But his absence of all sense either of the horror or the absurdity of the whole business was one of the things which gave an idea of the vast interspace of morals and habits which lay between our day and the days of The O'Gorman Mahon.

The O'Gorman looked what he was. I don't think I ever saw a man who had such a singular combination of strength and beauty. He was upwards of six feet high; he had, when in advanced old age, very broad shoulders; the face—long, narrow and surrounded by a large white beard and a white fierce mustache, and surmounted by a bushy thick head of white hair—was rather like that of some old lion than of a human being. The expression, even in his latest years had something about it that was a little ferocious, certainly it was not tranquil nor gentle, and at the same time he had that curious mixture of courtesy and ferocity which belonged to his times. There was no man who had such courtly manners. His fine bearing was instinctive, and gave no idea whatever of affectation or elaborateness; but it was a very fine bearing, nevertheless. He neither bowed nor scraped nor paid compliment; but he was always full of tact, said graceful things, was intensely good humored, ready to make a joke, and just as ready to take one.

He was a thoroughly loyal member of his party, following Parnell, who might have been his great grandchild, with just as much docility as if he were the youngest member of the party himself. Only on one occasion did I see his loyalty fail him: then it was with great pain to himself. It may be remembered that the Irish party opposed the admission at one period of Mr. Bradlaugh to the house of commons. It was not through any strong feelings of hostility to Mr. Bradlaugh personally, but because at that time there was that fierce war between the Gladstonean government and the Land League, to which I have several times alluded, and because there was, therefore, the strong desire to hit at the government through anybody and anything. But The O'Gorman Mahon could never be got to vote with his party. He never absolutely refused to do so, but somehow or other he would manage to be absent, to profess to misunderstand or not to hear what was going on—by some device or other he contrived to keep out of the way, and at the same time not to openly revolt against party discipline. This was an instance of how he still belonged to the period of O'Connell; that period in which absolute religious toleration was held with an almost fanatical faith.

To live to ninety was an achievement which a certain number of men and women appear to accomblish without being in any way very remarkable people; but to live to that age and preserve almost to the full every faculty of mind and body is a very wonderful thing. Such was The O'Gorman Mahon. The first two sessions I was in parliament were, as I have already said, a terrible time. I can scarcely believe it now; but it is true that there was a time when I never thought of getting to bed before 4 o'clock in the morning, and when, quite calmly, I went to rest in the assured faith that I would be fast asleep until noon, and that then I would be able to rise as refreshed as if I were leading the regular life of the city clerk, who goes to bed at 10 o'clock and gets up at a reasonable hour of the morning. Ah! the happy days when we were miserable, as Justin McCarthy says in one of his novels. I naturally recall his name at the period of which I am speaking. He and I at that period lived in the Westminister Palace hotel, largely because it was so near the house of commons, where at the time we spent the greater part of every day. There is nothing more delightful in the charming and beautiful personality of Mr. McCarthy that the incurable vein of romance, which not time nor drudgery, nor many a hard blow has ever in the least destroyed. In those days I remember still how, after all the hardness and conflict, and sometimes squalor, of the night in the house of commons, he and I would stop to drink in the beauty of Westminister Abbey in the auroral light of the morning, and how, after we got to his sitting-room, we would sit up for hours—till 6 or 7 o'clock in the morning—discoursing on all things—of books, of men, now and then of some beautiful figure that occasionally came athwart the sombreness of our lives; of the passages in our own careers, from the days when we started as shorthand writers to those in which we were taking a modest part in a great historical struggle.

To these days belongs my vision of The O'Gorman at his fine moments, but not at his finest. The finest moment was his death-bed. I remember the night when Dr. McDonnell, now a colleague of mine in the house of commons, brought me the news that The O'Gorman was seriously ill, and that he wanted to see me. I went to the curious and quiet lodgings in Sydney street, Fulham, where the once lord of broad Irish acres had spent his last years. Everybody who knows the darker side of London life knows this little street that runs between Fulham road and King's road, Chealsea. Quiet, bourgeois, even sombre in its outward aspect, it used to be, in the days of the Cremorne gardens and the Argyll rooms, a noisy, garish and even vicious street. I do not know whetner it has reformed in our modern days; but this was its repute in the London I knew as a youth. I remember a tale of the early days of Adelaide Nielson—but that is another story. Here in this typical and sombre London street it was that one of the great historic and almost mythical figures of Irish life was dying.

The O'Gorman lived in two rooms on the ground floor, or what, in lodging-house vocabulary, is known as the parlor-floor. The rooms were small, neat, plainly furnished—just the kind of rooms where youth in its careless impeciuniosity and extreme old age, without wife, and child, and fortune, are accustomed to find themselves. On a small bed, such as an old soldier might choose, I found the old chieftain. If I had expected to find a deathbed with ordinary surroundings of pain, regrets, affrighted anticipation, I was soon shown my mistake. It was almost like entering the smoking-room of the house of commons in the splendid days when we were all united, and were the greatest fighting machine the house of commons has ever, perhaps, seen. There was a bottle of good old port beside the bed, and a syphon of soda. The old chieftain, as I have said, had none of that wild and brutal love of drink which belonged to the squires of the Union period; but he loved his glass. Suffering now and then from a sting of pain, and being in what I might call almost a convivial mood, he was helped now and then to a glass of port in a tumbler of seltzer.

The O'Gorman Mahon, like many old men, lived much more in the past than in the present. The great days of O'Connell were still more present to him across forty years, than the events of the preceding year or the immediate hour. One curious and comic example of his occasional failure to appreciate the moment was an encounter he had with Mr. Chamberlain. It was in 1880—I am not sure that it was not in 1881. "I met a young fellow," said The O'Gorman—Mr. Chamberlain at that time was some forty-five years of age—"Chamberlain," he said, "I believe is his name; and I asked him how he was getting on. He told me he was in the Cabinet; I didn't know anything about it, by ——, sir. And I said, I'm d—d glad, my young fellow." It was even more like this when the old chief lay dying. He spoke, it is true, of the events of the hour—the great split, it will be remembered, had just begun—but he spoke of them in the language of the day of O'Connell. "How could Parnell," asked the old warrior, "expect to win when he had the hierarchy and the clergymen of Ireland against him?"—a full-flavored method of speaking of the bishops and priests which was essentially of The O'Gorman epoch.

It was a great deathbed. The old boy laughed, joked, smiled grimly with his fierce mustache, and faced death as gaily, and almost as unconsciously, as he must have done many a time when he looked down the throat of a pistol. "The doctor says," he remarked, "that I'm going to die simply because I'm ninety years of age," and then he gave a deep noted but amused growl that showed the extraordinary vitality and bravery of the old lion. More extraordinary than anything shown in this solemn hour, he retained the full-blown, broad style of the Irish gentleman of the beginning of the century. Nearly every second word was what on other lips would be pronounced an oath, but on his became merely an expletive of peculiar force. It was like listening to the Costigan of Thackeray, except that it was the language of a brave and even stern old warrior instead of a poor whining and broken Bohemian. "—— d—n it, sir," "By God"—it was at like a page of Thackeray, and of the times Maj. Pendennis had to rescue poor young Arthur from the toils of the Costigan's daughter.

And now let me tell what struck me as the greatest phase of the hour. Dr. McDonnell, perhaps with a view to drawing the attention of the dying man from his coming doom, asked the chieftain some questions with regard to his past life, and especially with regard to that portion of it which had been passed in South America. The old man began discoursing, at one moment of a fight, and at another of an earthquake. And then, by way of making conversation, I said to him: "And now, colonel, at what time of you life were you the happiest?" He was slightly deaf, and asked me to repeat what I had said. Again I asked him at what time of his life he had been the happiest. "At what time was I happiest? —— d—n it, I was always happy! I am happy now. —— d—n it!" Wasn't that a tremendous saying from a man ninety years of age, within a few hours of death? As I heard it, I thought of that other old man who died not more than a couple of rifle shots from this very spot, in that quiet street in Chelsea near which is my own home today, and of the everlasting wail at the miseries of his own life, and of all life, which Carlyle so persistently uttered. And then I looked at this other man, who had known almost every vicissitude of life—wealth and poverty, mighty movements like Catholic emancipation and repeal, and the great Parnell legend, and long periods of such terrible tragedies as the famine and the abortive rebellion of '48; who had been one of the foremost figures of his own people, and then for eight years had eaten the bread of exile; who had begun life in an ancient domain on the green hills of Ireland, and within sound of the ocean that beats against the shores of Clare, and now lay dying in a squalid lodging in a miserable and narrow London street. And this was the verdict on it all: "—— d—n it, sir, I was always happy! I'm happy now."

I never saw him again alive, for I had to leave town to deliver one of those speeches I was then engaged in making from one part of England to the other. But I visited the lodging and the room in which he died the day after his death. The landlady lifted the handkerchief which lay over his face, and I looked at it, attentively, sadly, proudly, with thoughts too deep for tears. I belong to the epoch which in poetic taste still adored Byron, and the lines came back to me in which Byron describes the face of the dead "before decay's effacing fingers have swept the lines where beauty lingers." Decay had not yet done its work on the face of the old and unconquered warrior. It was pale and drawn, but the bushy mane of hair still surmounted it, and the white beard was still there; and the lips tight pressed, the long, well-shaped nose, the high cheek bones, all gave the same sense in death as in life—strength, courage and fortitude. He lay like a lion that was not dead; not even tired, but, even in sleep, watchful, stern, defiant.

"I Could Not Sleep at night and had no appetite. I have been treated for many years without benefit, and finally I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am now able to eat and sleep and am feeling well again."—Mrs. John Hackener, 230 N. Mozart-st., Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills are the best after dinner pills.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 10, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Frohman's Empire Theatre Company.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—William H. Crane.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Fregoli.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Charles Hopper.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—"A Railroad Ticket."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock'"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE DISGRACE OF CHRISTENDOM.

The Turk seems to be master of the situation across the water. England, after "smelling at the physic," concluded it was not good medicine to attack alone, especially as she was warned the "leading powers of the continent of Europe," would not permit it. made an impressive speech tion of the Armenian mas- pool but old age has chille and not thunder as effectively as when he denounced "the unspeakable Turk" before the Russo-Turkish war, which freed most of the Christian states of the Balkan peninsula from the brutal rule of the Moslem. Time was when England could have dictated a policy to western Europe, as she practically did at Navarino, but the England of that day is now a tradition. The name of Nelson no longer terrifies, as it did for two generations after his death; and the power that drove Soult over the Pyrenees and Napoleon to St. Helena; that subsidized the massive armies of Austria, Russia and Prussia is, today, by reason of her own suicidal domestic and greedy foreign policy, absolutely isolated and impotent.

Europe scoffs at the advertised liberality of a nation that keeps five millions of Christians in bondage at her own doors, while she grows hysterical over the woes of Armenia. It is true she does not massacre the Irish in the open manner that the Turk does the Armenians, but she has no need to do it now. That work was done for her by the famine, and emigration keeps down the population of Ireland much more effectively than would the sword.

The press of all Europe, but of France particularly, teems with accounts of her treatment of the Irish political prisoners. The brilliant French editors, particularly of La Patrie and La Libre Parole, scoff at her pretensions to humanity as they point out the physical and mental wrecks she has made of Gallagher, Whitehead and their unfortunate comrades. Neither does the press of Europe fail to point out that many other Irish political prisoners remain within her grasp, and that she lately organized a bogus dynamite plot, in order to keep them there. In fact, England has become, in a measure, an object to scoff at in Europe. The whole world knows how she hates Russia, because of her jealousy of the Asiatic encroachments of that power in the direction of India. Yet Salisbury throws himself into the arms of the Czar, and begs him to aid England in "disciplining" the Turk! This, indeed, is a spectacle for gods and men to laugh at. Of course the wily Russian sees through the whole hollow pretension of friendship, even though he is the grand-son-in-law of Queen Victoria.

Meanwhile, the Sultan sits calmly in his palace by the Bosphorous, and orders a fresh massacre of Christians whenever it suits his fancy. The bloody orgies of this horrible despot belong to the ages of benighted savagery, not to the closing lustre of this century. It is almost impossible to realize that in the year 1896—in the era of steam, electricity and the newspaper—such deeds can be perpetrated by any European power with impunity. The Christian powers that permit the massacres are, in our opinion, more guilty than the besotted Turk. Political interests ought to cut no figure where thousands, nay millions, of lives stand in jeopardy—the Mohammedan scimitar flashing above their heads. The Powers of Europe ought to settle with the Sultan first, and re-adjust their own quarrels afterward. Russia has 800,000 Christian soldiers with her colors, France 600,000, Germany 600,000, Austria 450,000, Italy 250,000, England 220,000, and yet this enormous mass of armed Christians permits a comparatively feeble potentate to slaughter at will men, women, children and infants of the same belief! Even if the wretched victims were not of the same belief—if they were Israelites, Buddhists, Mohammedans or even wild heathens, humanity, decency, chivalry should prompt them to put a speedy end to the horrors. No pen can describe the consequences of a raid of Mohammedan barbarians or fanatics on a Christian community in Armenia or Turkey. It is not alone the torrents of blood that flow from the veins of the defenseless and the innocent; but the indescribable ignominies inflicted on the noble purity of womanhood. These wrongs cry most loudly to God for vengeance, and all Christendom, and all that is manly and humane outside of Christendom, should rise up and wipe the infamous Turk and his abominable empire off the face of the earth.

ENGLISH OPINION OF IRISH DISUNION

In a recent editorial, dealing with the late Dublin convention, the London Spectator, a Conservative organ, deals rather frankly with the Irish question, as viewed from the "moral suasion" standpoint. Its estimate of the disinterestedness of the present Irish parliamentary leaders is not flatteringly high, but it does not deny the ability of some of them, at least. Like most Englishmen, the writer of the Spectator thinks the Irish cannot unite for a common purpose, because of the personal rivalries and ambitions, and, unfortunately, the history of a recent Irish "moral force" movements gives some color to this argument. As a race we have not, up to the present time, been able to cohere powerfully together. This, of course, is mainly due to the fact that, for many centuries, a foreign power has lorded it over Ireland: and that power has sedulously cultivated the spirit of faction, first between the different races that inhabitated Ireland previous to the Reformation, so-called, and next between the differing creeds that followed Henry VIII's unprovoked secession from the Church of Rome. Thus has Ireland been

Crumbled by a foreign weight,
And by worse—domestic hate.

The Englishman, of course, as suits his purpose, looks only at the result of his own country's policy in Ireland; he cares nothing for the cause of that result. It has been England's policy for ages to emphasize every fault of the Irish character and weaken every virtue. The good that is left in the Irish people belongs to themselves; the bad to the English governing system in Ireland. Here is what the English writer has to say in the Spectator, and we commend his sentiments to the careful scrutiny of our readers:

"The Irish race would like to see Ireland with a prosperous parliament and administration of her own, but the truth is that she needs a preliminary despotism in order to obtain these political luxuries, and the despot is not forthcoming. In O'Connell's and Mr. Parnell's time she very nearly obtained the despot, but O'Connell was too early and Mr. Parnell was too late. O'Connell was indeed the idol of the Irish people, and if he had lived another fifty years in the fullness of his strength, he might have succeeded in rendering government in Ireland impossible except through himself. Mr. Parnell came rather near to achieving a somewhat similar result, but in the first place he was not patriot enough, in any sense whatever, to postpone his own interests to such patriotic purposes as he entertained, and in the next place, he had raised up for himself subordinates who not only saw through him, but who had the ability and tenacity to dispute his decrees and to undermine his power. When the crash came in the revelation of his personal character to the world, these subordinates carried a great number, indeed the greater number, of the ecclesiastics with them, and that shook Mr. Parnell to his fall. And from that time forth the despotism became impossible. There were quite too many claimants in the field, and one of them at least, though not strong enough to succeed to Mr. Parnell's crown, was quite too strong to be overpowered by any of his rival lieutenants.

"And the 'Convention of the Irish race at home and abroad' has no spell, no magic, for the imagination of the various Irish parties. They look upon it as, what indeed it really is, a mere political expedient to improve the chance of the most numerous of the parties. For the object aimed at—the extinguishing of the centrifugalism of Irish rivalries—the common antipathy to English ascendency is indefinitely more efficacious. Indeed, if it were not fortunately impossible to use that antipathy for a double purpose, first to extinguish Irish squabbles, and next, to turn against itself and by annihilating English rule, to annihilate the unity it had fostered, we believe that the Irish leaders would use England with more success for the purpose of getting rid of England, than they would find in any other expedient. But fortunately for us even Irishmen cannot both have the cake and eat it too. If opposition to England is the strongest bond they can get for cementing Irish unity, the moment they begin to weaken or relax that bond, the rivalries of the Irish patriots revive.

"And that is precisely the political phenomenon we are now witnessing. Mr. Dillon and Mr. Healy are, each in his own way, using English help to subserve Irish ambitions. Mr. Dillon leans on the opposition, Mr. Healy leans on the government, and on the whole Mr. Healy has effected the most of the two, for he has rendered a great and most sensible service to the Irish tenant-farmers. But each alike, so far as he is a genuine Home-ruler, is cutting off the bough on which he himself is seated. Mr. Dillon, by leaning on the alliance of Englishmen, opens to door to the reproaches of those who treat every negotiation with the enemy as a sort of treason, and he, at least, has no immediate gain to set off against this reproach. Mr. Healy has a gain, and a very conspicuous gain, to set off against it, in the provisions of the Irish Land Act, but then he too cannot repel the charge that he obtained those concessions by the intervention of the very power which he desires, or professes his desire, to supersede. The most effective political bond of Irish parties is repulsion to England, but when they go to England for help in the attempt to extinguish their rivalries, they necessarily relax that bond, and are no longer able to flourish effectively their drawn sword in the face of English statesmen."

A GENEROUS PROTESTANT PATRIOT.

An American (Catholic) contemporary says:

"A hopeful sign at the recent Irish race convention in Dublin was the presence of a number of Ulster Protestants, headed by a Protestant clergyman, Rev. Mr. Lyttle, who spoke of the new movement in the following words: 'We know at least 10,000 Protestants of the province of Ulster who are already in sympathy with the cause of self-government and we aim at making this merely the nucleus of a great Protestant army—a great Protestant auxiliary in the army of Irish patriotism.'

"And turning to the Catholic prelate, who presided over the convention, he continued:

'Allow me further to say as a Protestant, and also as an Ulsterman, born and reared in all the traditions of our province, that I am proud to speak on this platform under your distinguished presidency. He is a poor, misled man, indeed, whatever may be his race or creed, who is not proud of the association with a man bearing the honored name of the clan which in Ireland's past history rushed to glorious battle so often and so well in the service of Irish freedom.'"

We cannot see where the recent Dublin convention has benefitted the national cause. The words of the Rev. Mr. Lyttle are noble and patriotic, and his personal tribute to the Rt.-Rev. Dr. O'Donnell was well deserved by that patriotic prelate. At the same time, all Irish Protestants are not as tolerant of Catholic bishops in politics as the Rev. Mr. Lyttle, and lay presidents—a Catholic chairman and Protestant vice-chairman, or vice versa—would be more acceptable to the friends of Ireland, who know, only too well, that "Rome Rule" is made the cry of the enemy, whenever Catholic prelates and priests receive too much recognition at Irish political gatherings. This does not mean, by any means, that Catholic prelates or priests should be debarred from membership in such conventions, any more than Protestant bishops or ministers; but the province of politics belongs to the laity, not the clergy, of a country, and laymen should be the leaders in a strife between an oppressed country of different faith from its oppressor. When Padre Hidalgo took the lead in the Mexican, and the priests of Antwerp in the Belgian revolution, they were Catholics fighting Catholics, and, consequently, no feeling of religious prejudice was engendered by their prominence. In Ireland, notwithstanding the liberality of Mr. Lyttle, the case is essentially different.

THE LATE BISHOP MARTY.

The late Rt.-Rev. Bishop Marty was, next to Father de Smet, the most widely known of modern Catholic missionaries among the Indian tribes of the Northwest. His labors among them were arduous and unceasing for a generation or more, and his name in their villages was a spell by which to conjure peace and good will. His death, comparatively premature, was, undoubtedly, the result of the severity of his missionary labors. The grateful aborigines do not forget their dead benefactor, for we find the following in the Northwestern Chronicle of the 3d inst.:

"Sunday was to be a day of rejoicing at St. Andrew's, as the first Indian converts of the mission were to be received into the church on that day, but all was suddenly changed into bitter sorrow and lamentation, when a telegram was received announcing the sudden death of their friend and father.

"The Rev. Father Weise offered the holy sacrifice for him, and gave a beautiful and touching discourse on the life and labors of the great bishop, especially dwelling on the wonderful work he had accomplished among his dear Indian children. Many masses, communions, and prayers will be offered up by the sisters and Indians for the father they so loved and now so deeply deplore. Only a week before his death the good bishop made arrangements for having lumber shipped to finish a church, begun last year, for the Sisseton Indians, about twenty-five miles from St. Andrews, and he intended visiting all these missions in October, and to dedicate the church in Brown's Valley, about thirty miles distant.

"His strength was not equal to all that his zeal prompted him to undertake for the salvation of souls. None but God will ever know the extent of the work accomplished by Bishop Marty in the early days of the two Dakotas. Shunning the glare of the world's sunshine and living ever in the light of God's holy presence, he was, like his Divine Master, always either prayerfully or actively seeking the salvation of souls. His object in establishing the Indian mission at Sisseton was to bring into the bosom of the church those who had strayed from it, and those who were not of the fold, placing it, for this reason, under the protection of St. Andrew.

The first converts received into the church were baptized on Sunday. The Indians know and feel they have lost a father and friend. When his death was announced to them, a poor Indian woman came to the sisters, and weeping bitterly, begged them to accept an offering to have mass said for him, adding sorrowfully, 'How we poor Indians will miss him.' May his dearest hopes regarding these poor Indians be realized, and may the sufferings he endured in seeking their salvation merit for him an additional crown of glory in heaven."

THE GREEN FLAG AND THE LAW COURTS.

Finally the courts of Massachusetts, Hopkins, J., have decided that Ireland is a country without a national flag. The judge quashed the case against Contractor Patrick O'Brien, of Lawrence, for flying a foreign flag on a public occasion.

"O'Brien was arrested July 6 for displaying an Irish flag on a portion of the staging of the new Ward 6 schoolhouse on Independence day. As there is a statute forbidding the display of any foreign flag upon a public building O'Brien was found guilty, and Judge Stone, of the police court, fined him $10. An appeal was taken to the Superior court, and a decision was given. Judge Hopkins ruled that Ireland was not a country in the meaning of the statute governing the case, and had no flag except that of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The case was accordingly dismissed."

This effectually upsets the anti-Irish flag theory carried into effect by New York and other cities, at the expense, however, of Ireland's distinctive nationality. Notwithstanding, there is no recognized national ensign better known today than the Green Flag of Ireland. Although there is a well-founded doubt as to its antiquity, in the national sense, there is no doubt whatever that it was the universally adopted and recognized color of the United Irishmen, from 1793 to 1798, and ever since that period it has been cherished and floated by the Irish people everywhere. Lord Edward always wore the green silk as a scarf, and, on one occasion, when returning from Carton House, the seat of his brother, the Duke of Leinster, to Dublin, he was overtaken by a party of half-intoxicated British officers who commanded him to remove the (to them) obnoxious color. Lord Edward immediately drew his sword and invited any of the party, or all of them, to come forward and take it off. Not a man responded to his challenge, and the noble "rebel" pursued the remainder of his journey to the Irish capital unmolested.

The Green Flag, with the crownless harp, was used by the Irish army of '98 at the battles of Enniscorthy, Wexford town, New Ross, Arklow, Tubberneering, Ballyellis, Vinegar Hill and other engagements in Wexford and Wicklow counties. It was also used by the Ulster Presbyterian compatriots at the fights of Ballinahinch and Antrim. The Mayo "rebels" used it at Killala, Castlebar and Ballinamuck. It was carried by Emmet's men in 1803, and waved above O'Connell's Repeal processions forty years later. Young Ireland, in imitation of the French habit, partially discarded it in 1848, and adopted a tricolor of Green, White and Orange, which, has, however, only a limited recognition, for the masses of the Irish carry in their parades the Green Flag of the older period. Meagher's Irish Brigade carried green flags with crownless harps in the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, and when the Erin's Hope, with brave Col. Warren and his comrades on board, appeared off the Irish coast in Fenian times, the Green Flag was their ensign. Gen. O'Neill used it at Ridgeway and Fort Erie, and such Irish detachments as took the field in Leinster and Munster, in 1867, also displayed it. Thus, by the usage of, at least, a century, the Green Flag without the Crown, and with a harp or sunburst, or both, is the recognized banner of Ireland, and all the judgments of the English or American courts cannot alter the fact. The Bard of Thomond embodied the sentiments of the Irish people on the subject, when, on seeing it displayed from the walls of Limerick on the occasion of the MacManus funeral of 1861, he wrote:

Flag of our land, tho' scorned and
bann'd,
And seldom seen thou art,
Thy fadeless green is worn with life
In every Irish heart:
Our fathers' blood hath nourished it—
Our mothers' tears have wet,
And with our love, 'twill float above
An Irish nation yet!

DEATH OF THE DEAN OF IRISH JOURNALISM.

Our venerable and well remembered friend, Mr. John O'Shea, the veteran Irish journalist, died at his home in Nenagh, county Tipperary, last month. Our Irish exchanges contain long and most flattering notices of his fine career, and no man has gone down to the grave of late years in the South of Ireland more universally regretted. Mr. O'Shea was past middle age when we left Ireland, but was as vigorous as the ordinary man of thirty. He remained in harness, as an active journalist, up to within a few years, and his trenchant pen has been sadly missed from the columns of the papers he used to write for, since his retirement. From the Nenagh Guardian, of recent date, we excerpt the following regarding his life:

"It is with unfeigned regret and a feeling of much personal sorrow, that we announce this evening the death of our old and valued friend and fellow-journalist, the veteran Mr. John O'Shea, the doyen of the profession in Ireland. The deceased gentleman, who was over eighty-eight years of age, was for a large number of years connected with this journal, being present at its inception, fifty-eight years ago, and continued to be associated with it for many years after. He then left and joined the Leinster Express, but on the late Mr. P. E. Gill starting the now defunct Tipperary Advocate, he joined Mr. Gill in the management of that journal, and remained connected with it until its death. He then once more became editor of the Guardian, which position he continued to fill until advancing age compelled him to seek that well-deserved retirement to which his long and useful life in the work of catering for the reading public justly entitled him. Since then until his demise Mr. O'Shea has lived a calm and even life, attended to and waited on by his loving daughter, Miss Maggie O'Shea, who is worthy of all honor for the manner in which she ministered to his wants. With the general public Mr. O'Shea was a great favorite. Their interest in him amounted to a personal one, as they felt that through him the town gained honor and dignity in having him as a resident and a citizen. Everyone, from the humblest to the greatest, felt an interest in his welfare, and was personally concerned as to his health and prosperity, a feeling that was warmly reciprocated by Mr. O'Shea, in that—in the words of the Psalmist—he was always ready to "rejoice with those that did rejoice, and to weep with those those that wept."

As to our own immediate connection with our departed friend, it would be impossible to adequately do justice to the extent to which we have been beholden to him for professional light and assistance on many important occasions, his long residence in the district, coupled with an intimate knowledge of its public life, having enabled him to afford us information on the hundred and one subjects which it is the lot of a journalist to have to deal with in the course of his career; and in this respect Mr. O'Shea was specially qualified to be of service to those who gladly sought his help. In addition to his abilities as a journalist, Mr. O'Shea was a poet of no mean order, having in his younger days published a collection of verses, entitled, 'Nenagh Minstrelsy,' which, at the time, received some very warm eulogies in the columns of the contemporary press. One of the most important of these poems was on that most dramatic of scriptural themes, "One Day of Cain's Life." The poem was written in the form of a play, in which there were several characters, the central one, of course, being Cain. All the poems, which were of exceptional merit, were published from time to time in the columns of the Guardian, being afterwards printed in book form, and obtained a large circulation.

"Mr. O'Shea's illness was of a brief duration. Possessed of a splendid constitution, he seldom or never suffered from any serious complaint. About a fornight ago he was seized with a sudden weakness, which was the presage of the coming dissolution. He took to his bed, and after about ten days' confinement, he passed peacefully and serenely away on Sunday morning last, in the presence of the immediate members of his family (among them being Mr. John Augustus O'Shea, of London), and a few loving and sympathizing friends.

"The members of Mr. O'Shea's family are all noted for their literary attainments, among the most gifted being his eldest son, John Augustus, the well-known war correspondent and author. His fame as a litterateur and a journalist is a universal one. Mr. John Augustus O'Shea was one of the most able of the Standard's special correspondents, his experience extending over the Franco-German war (including the siege of Paris), the Carlist war and other campaigns. He also represented the Standard when the present commander-in-chief (Lord Wolseley) took possession of Cyprus, and when the Marquis of Lorne went to Canada as its Governor. He is also most successful as a writer of both fact and fiction, being a contributor to most of the magazines of the day, while his complete works are accorded a place among the standard editions of the English classics.

"Mr. Robert P. O'Shea, another son of the deceased, was also a well-known pressman, being the Freeman's special London correspondent up to the time of his death, which occurred some fourteen years ago. Mr. John O'Shea's daughters are also possessed of much literary ability, being writers of both prose and verse."

OBITUARY.

MR. DANIEL J. WREN.

Mr. Daniel J. Wren, ex-County Commissioner, died unexpectedly at his residence in this city Friday of last week, of a complication of maladies which rather suddenly developed themselves. He was born in the County Kerry, Ireland, about fifty years ago, and came to America when quite young. He was mostly engaged in the harness and livery business, and managed to acquire quite a competence. His prosperity continued to grow until, in a moment of weakness, he accepted a political nomination. He was elected and then the main troubles of his life had their beginning. However, he survived them, and was again prospering when death called him. Mr. Wren married a Miss Conley several years ago, and that lady and a daughter survive him. Mr. Wren spent a large portion of last winter in California, and his health seemed much benefitted by his stay there. In fact, his death was quite unexpected to the great majority of those who knew him. He was of a genial disposition, and had a large number of personal friends. The funeral occurred on Sunday, and the interment was at Calvary.

FUNERAL OF WILLIAM L. SCHAUB.

The funeral of William L. Schaub, of 3423 Vernon avenue, a former member of the firm of Schaub Bros., was held from St. James' church, Monday. The solemn requiem mass of the Catholic Church was performed by Father Hugh McGuire, pastor of St. James. The funeral arrangements were in charge of the Chicago Drapers and Tailors' Exchange, and the following members acted as pallbearers: Charles Halia, Alexander Dunlop, R. J. Walshe, M. H. McCarthy, W. G. Sheridan and William Grus. Floral tokens were sent by the Chicago Athletic, Columbus and Sherman clubs, of which Mr. Schaub was a member. Interment was at Calvary cemetery.

IN MEMORIAM.

At their last regular meeting the members of Div. 8, A. O. H., passed votes of sympathy to the families of their late deceased brothers, Alexander McDonnell and Florence McCarthy, and appointed a committee to draw up a set of appropriate resolution, copies of which were ordered sent to THE CITIZEN and New World for publication, as follows:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty God and All-wise Father, in His infinite wisdom to call from our midst our esteemed and well-beloved brothers, Florence McCarthy and Alexander McDonnell. In it we recognize the hand of the Supreme Ruler, and humbly bow to His Almighty will, knowing that He does all things well; and

WHEREAS, In the death of our brothers Div. 8 has lost two much esteemed members, true Hibernians and zealous workers of the division, always willing to assist in the elevation of our race; and

WHEREAS, It is always well that the virtues of the departed should be remembered, that the living may draw therefrom lessons of wisdom for their guidance through life; therefore be it

Resolved, That we the officers and members of Div. 8, tender to the grief-stricken families our heartfelt sympathy in this the trying hour of their sad bereavement; be it further

Resolved, That as a token of respect to the memory of our departed brothers, that our worthy president cause the colors of Div. 8 to be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the records of this division, and a copy sent to THE CITIZEN for publication; also that the president cause a copy of the above resolutions to be transmitted under the seal of the division to the families of our deceased brothers.

Thomas J. Monahan, Michael F. Fitzgerald, Bernard J. Ryan, Jas. A. Donovan, Hugh J. Gleeson, Committee.

Mr. E. S. Conway Honored.

Oct. 5 marked the twenty-fifth year of continuous service of E. S. Conway with the W. W. Kimball Piano and Organ company. The anniversary was observed by the presentation to Mr. Conway of a costly and elaborate silver service by the members of the firm and Mr. Conway's fellow employes. A. G. Cone, treasurer of the company, presented the service with a brief address. He eulogized Mr. Conway's sunny temperament, his conscientious efforts to upbuild his firm, and to assist those employed to rise. He also spoke of his ministration to the poorer employes during sickness and distress, and concluded with these remarks: "We know your repugnance to the doctrine of free silver. We hope, however, you will lay aside your prejudice and accept this silver service as a token of affection and good will from your friends and business associates."

Mr. Conway thanked the donors of the beautiful and useful gift in a neat speech. He said he hoped to still continue to merit the esteem and good will of his firm and friends, and that it was his earnest wish to be allowed to live so that he could round out fifty years more with his firm and friends.

Irish Music.

Sixty members of the Holy Family (Jesuit) choir have been rehearsing for some time past Moore's and other old Irish melodies, which have been harmonized for chorus, and will be rendered for the first time in this city on Wednesday evening, Oct. 21, at Apollo Hall, Twelfth street and Blue Island avenue. A full orchestra will support the chorus. A rare treat is promised to lovers of the old Irish airs, and Prof. Leo Mutter, organist of the Jesuit church, is sparing no pains to make this a notable event.

FATHER SMITH'S FUNERAL.

Great Outpouring of Clergy and People to Honor the Remains of the Noble Pastor Lately Called to His Reward.

His Panegyric Pronounced by Archbishop Feehan—Those Who Were in Attendance.

The details of Father E. M. Smith's funeral, which took place on Tuesday week, were simply perfect, and at least five thousand people attended the funeral, says the Chicago Eagle of Oct. 3. Mr. John F. Walsh, one of the most esteemed parishioners, was grand marshal, and he attended to every detail with fidelity and ability.

Inside the church the arrangements to care for the crowd were wonderfully good, there being no complaints of overcrowding or any unnecessary trouble. This was due to the care and watchfulness of Mr. John R. Ford, who had charge of the seating arrangements, and his corps of assistants.

Seated within the altar rails were the following clergymen: Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, archbishop; Very Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, vicar general; Rev. Fathers N. J. Mooney, M. J. Fitzsimmons, F. N. Perry, J. M. Scanlan, J. P. Dore, F. J. Barry, J. S. Finn, J. C. Gillan, A. McGavick, Thomas Whalen, M. J. Dorney, D. S. Mahoney, A. L. Bergeron, J. H. Bouffard, J. Theilen, John Hodic, L. Gerl, O.S.B., P. D. Gill, J. Mullaly, H. Crevier, O.S., F. Gagnon, A. Quigley, O.S., H. Foley, P. A. Clancy, H. O'Gara McShane, J. Schikowski, E. M. Griffin, T. Moreschini, O. S., J. Tonissi, O. S., J. M. Dunne, J. T. Bennett, M. S. Gilmartin, D. A. Tighe, J. C. Welch, J. Healey, D. Hishen, H. J. Wills, M. J. Dowling, S.J., J. Hoeffer, S.J., A. Lambert, S.J., M. M. Bronsgeest, S.J., P. J. Tinan, J. H. Hemlock, W. S. Hennessey, J. M. Cartan, J. C. McCormick, P. Scanlan, D. F. McGuire, P. T. Butler, J. C. Crowe, N. J. Hitchcock, F. Caraher, P. M. Flannigan, F. Reynolds, D. J. Crimmins, J. O'Shea, B. Murray, J. J. Dennison, A. Evers, M. T. Mackin, P.J. Muldoon, W. L. Kearney, J. J. Jennings, T. Burke, W. Lynch, D. O'Brien, E. M. Dunne, D. D., J. McGavick, D. Croke, J. M. Hagan, Dennis Hayes, H. McGuire, P. Gildea, H. G. Van Pelt, T. F. Cashman, T. E. Cox, W. Hackett, T. P. Hodnett, T. O'Sullivan, S. Woulfe, E. A. Murphy, P. C. Conway, T. F. Galligan, J. McNamee, F. Byrnes, P. Kohnen, O.S.F., J. J. Carroll, J. Glinnon, J. T. Callaghan, and many others.

The several hundred priests present chanted the office for the dead, led by Fathers Perry and Dore. Then followed the celebration of high requiem mass, the Rt.-Rev. E. J. Dunne, of Dallas, Tex., being the celebrant, assisted by Rev. Thomas Smith as deacon and Rev. P. Ahern, of New York, as sub-deacon. Chancellor Mooney officiated as master of ceremonies, assisted by the Rev. Thomas Galligan. The services concluded with a sermon by his Grace Archbishop Feehan. He spoke in a feeling manner of Father Smith and of his long pastorate of the church.

The musical arrangements were under the care of the noted artist, Mrs. Antonia McGuire, and were highly praised. The following musical programme was rendered: Kyrie Dies Illa, Sanctus, Agnus Dei—Schmidt's requiem mass; offertory, "There Is a Green Hill Far Away," Mrs. McGuire; Benedictus, "Ava Maria," Miss Elizabeth Rinderer; "Nearer My God, to Thee," quartette; "Come, Ye Disconsolate," Mrs. Antonia McGuire.

The active pallbearers were Michael Brennan, William A. McGuire, P. McGuire, M. B. Herely, J. Carden, Capt. P. Gibbons, R. M. Hennessey.

The following acted as honorary pallbearers: Dr. George W. Reynolds J. P. Barrett, Thomas Barrett, J. F. Bowers, Thomas Brenan, William Bellinghausen, James Lynch, James Lyman, Walter Gibbons, John McGillen, M. McAuley, James Morrison, Daniel McGuire, David Carden, John Conway, John Clifford, John Dwyer, James Doyle, John Duffy, H. F. Donovan, J. J. Egan, W. Eisfeldt, John R. Ford, E. P. Fitzgerald, William Goggin, Thomas Hennessey, J. Horan, Chris Strassheim, James McNulty, J. J. Dolan, Charles O'Connor, Patrick W. Nulty, Andrew Weber, J. Noonan, H. O'Connor, P. O'Conor, Jere O'Donnell, Joseph Quinn, John Ritchie, Dr. Kimmett, J. Schramm, Daniel Reardon.

At the conclusion of the service the casket containing Father Smith's body was borne from the church to the hearse. The funeral escort formed in the following order:

Twenty-five policemen under command of Lieut. Jacob Reich.
Band.
Grand Marshal John F. Walsh.
Aides—Walter J. Gibbons, John Conway, Thomas Hennessey, John Healey, T. J. Callinan, M. M. Conley, Andrew Weber, Charles J. Sauter, M. Delaney.
Catholic Benevolent Legion.
Ladies' C. B. L.
Catholic Order of Foresters.
Women's Catholic Order of Foresters.
Young Ladies' Sodality.
Young Men's Sodality.
Ancient Order of Hibernians.
Sisters of Charity in carriages.
Priests in carriages.
Hearse.
Mourners in carriages.
Two hundred carriages containing friends and parishioners.

The remains were deposited in a beautiful lot in Calvary cemetery, near the Lake Shore drive.

The Gaelic League.

The Chicago Gaelic League meets every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the offices of the City Clerk, first floor of City Hall Building (entrance through room 119, right opposite stairway). This society is organized solely for the instruction of Irish men and women in the fluent tongue of their ancestors, and presents an opportunity of which all Irish people should avail themselves without delay. The Gaelic League bars not religion or sect, admission and instruction by competent teachers being absolutely free to all. For information as to forming branches, or studying Gaelic individually, for books, etc., write to William Raleigh, No. 735 S. Canal street, who is the only person in Chicago who receives books direct from the publishers in Dublin.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Last Sunday the Innisfails and O'Connells met for the semi-final at football for the championship of the season. The game was looked forward to to be one of the best exhibitions of the present season, and the contest turned out to have more than gratified the most ardent well-wishers. The Innisfails seemed to be slow in getting on the ground, which was due to the inactivity or carelessness of their captain, while the O'Connells showed up at the proper time, and it was quite evident they were prepared for the occasion. About 3:30 o'clock the ball was put in motion by Referee Doran, and was handled by the Innisfails, who rushed to the O'Connells back, but Mangan, Walsh and Ryan were on the alert and sent the leather back to centre field. In turn the goals on each side were assaulted, but without advantage, and the contest became most exciting. Finally the O'Connells made a grand rush for the Innisfails' posts and scored a goal. The Innisfails objected to the referee's decision, and claimed the ball was out of play. The referee, however, allowed the goal. During the second half the play was much the same as during the first, the Innisfails were unable to retrieve their lost fortunes, and were obliged to retire with only 1 point to their credit. The score stood O'Connells 1 goal, Innisfails 1 point.

Next Sunday the Seventh Regiment, I. N. G., will give an exhibition drill on the grounds, and the athletic programme will be as follows: Football match, Seventh Regiment vs. Gaelic Athletic association. This will be one of the best contests ever witnessed in Chicago since the inception of the Gaelic Athletic association. 300-yards race, running broad jump, putting 16-lb shot, raising and striking the hurling ball, and football place-kick. The feature of the evening will be a wrestling contest between Billy Malone, champion heavy weight of the Northwest, and Dan Kalb. This exhibition will be gratifying to all exponents of the manly art.

WATERLOO.

The Final Charges in the Momentous Battle.

Before the combined armies of Wellington and Blucher the French could not stand, but, in spite of inferior numbers, and the manifest signs of defeat, Gen. Bonaparte might have conducted an orderly retreat. The case was different with Napoleon, the Emperor, even though he were now a Liberator; to retreat would have been merely a postponement of the day of reckoning. Against this army Napoleon despatched what was left of that force which was the peculiar product of his life and genius, the old and middle guard. Most of its members were the children of peasants, and had been born in ante-revolution days. Neither intelligent in appearance nor graceful in bearing, they nevertheless had the look of perfect fighting-machines. Their huge bear-skin caps and long mustaches did not diminish the fierceness of their aspect. They had been selected for size, docility and strength; they had been well paid, well fed and well drilled; they had, therefore, no ties but those of their emperor, no homes but their barracks and no enthusiasm but their passion for imperial France. They would have followed no leader unless he were distinguished in their system of life; accordingly, Ney was selected for that honor, and, as they came in proud confidence up the Charleroi road, their emperor passed them in review. Like every other division, they had been told that the distant roar was from Grouchy's guns; when informed that all was ready for the finishing stroke, that there was to be a general advance along the whole line, and that no man was to be denied his share in certain victory, even the sick, it is said, rose up, and hurried into the ranks. The air seemed rent with their hoarse cheers as their columns swung in measured tread diagonally across the northern spur of the cross-line elevation which cut the surface of the valley.

Wellington, informed of the French movement, as it is thought, by a deserter, issued hurried orders to the centre, ordered Maitland's brigade to where the charge must be met, and posted himself, with Napier's battery, somewhat to its right. While yet his words of warning were scarcely uttered, the head of the French column appeared. The English batteries belched forth a welcome, but, although Ney's horse, the fifth that day, was shot, the men he led suffered little, and, with him on foot at their side, they came steadily onward. The British guards were lying behind the hill-crest, and the French could discern no foe—only a few mounted officers, of whom Wellington was one. Astonished and incredulous, the assailants pressed steadily on until within twenty yards of the English line. "Up, guards! make ready!" rang out the Duke's well-known call. The British jumped up, and fired; about 300 of Ney's gallant soldiers fell. But there was no confusion; on both sides volley succeeded volley, and this lasted until the British charged. Then, and then only, the French withdrew. Simultaneously Donzelot had fallen upon Alten's division; but he was leading a forlorn hope, and making no impression. As Ney fell back, a body of French cuirassiers advanced upon the English batteries. Their success was partial, and behind them a second column of the guard was formed. Again the assault was renewed; but the second attempt fared worse than the first. To the right of Maitland, Adam's brigade, with the Fifty-second regiment, had taken stand; wheeling now, these poured a deadly flank fire into the advancing French, while the others poured in a devastating hail of bullets from the front. The front ranks of the French replied with spirit, but when the British had completed their manœuver, Colborne gave the order, his men cheered in response, and the countercharge began. "Vive l'Empereur!" came the responsive cheer from the thinning ranks of the assailants, and still they came on. But in the awful crash they reeled, confusion followed, and almost in the twinkling of an eye the rout began. Two battalions of the old guard, under Cambronne, retreated in fair order to the centre of the valley, where they made their last gallant stand against the overwhelming numbers of Halkett's German brigade. They fought until but 150 survived. From all sides the despairing cry of "Sauve qui peut!" rang on their ears. To the final summons of surrender the leader assented, and they filed in dejection to the rear. This occurrence has passed into tradition as an epic event; what Cambronne might well have said, "The guard dies, but never surrenders," was not uttered, but it epitomizes their character and in the phrase they and their leader have found immortality.—"The Eclipse of Napoleon's Glory," by William M. Sloane, in the October Century.

SEVENTH INFANTRY NOTES.

Next Sunday, Oct. 11, Companies A, B, C and K, under command of Major Carroll, will meet at the Armory at 10 a.m. and proceed to the Gaelic Athletic Association grounds, where they will have guard mount, dress parade, battle exercises, etc., which will, no doubt, be very interesting and instructive.

I understand from Capt. Kennedy that the proceeds of Co. C's entertainment and dance on Oct. 31 will be devoted to defraying the expenses of one of its members, who is at present ill at Mercy Hospital. The object is a worthy one. Boys, try and make it a success.

The Drum Corps proposes to give a grand military ball on the evening of Nov. 3.

All non-commissioned officers are specially requested to be present at the Armory on next Monday evening, Nov. 12, when the Non-Commissioned Officers Association will be formed and officers chosen.

Col. Kavanaugh, Lieut.-Col. Moriarty, Maj. Meehan and Capt. Hyland are attending the rifle competition at Camp Logan this week.

Corp. Looney ought to try and attend the school, and then Co. D would have a full attendance, he being the only absentee.

The other companies ought to emulate the example of Co. D, as the opportunity to obtain the thorough instruction the boys are receiving is one they ought eagerly grasp. I would respectfully suggest that the company commanders take as much interest in having their officers attend school as Capt. Duhig does.

Sergt. Downey seems to take a great interest in the Midway show at Battery D.

Sergt. Tobin says that Sergt. Healy would get a better grasp of things by letting go once in a while. MAC.

DIVISION 8, A. O. H.

The call given by the officers of Div. 8 to the members last week met with a hearty response, and as a result the meeting on Saturday night was the largest, and one of the most interesting held this year. Div. 8 had the greatest number of members of all the divisions represented at the parade in connection with the laying of the corner-stone of the new Alexian Brothers' hospital last Sunday.

On Saturday evening, Oct. 17, Div. 8 will give a reunion, to which they cordially invite every brother of their own division who has been absent from recent meetings, as well as brothers from the other divisions in the city. Nowhere can you find more genuine interpretation of the true principles of Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity than among the brothers of Div. 8, and any brother from other divisions who may take advantage of this general invitation to attend the reunion on Saturday next, may rest assured they will be properly entertained. The reunion will be held at the regular meeting hall, at 62 North Clark street. It is hoped the sociability and enjoyment of the evening will be an incentive to active members to double their efforts; to fair and easy members to become active; and to the careless and indifferent brother, who will crop up in the best societies, to wake up to a sense of his duty, and show he is not totally dead to the best interests of his country, his race and himself.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

CALIFORNIA.

If you are going there by all means inquire about the Burlington Route Personally Conducted Excursions to San Francisco and Los Angeles, which leave Chicago every Wednesday with a Pullman Palace Tourist car through to destination. The route is via Denver, the Denver & Rio Grande Railway (scenic line) and Salt Lake City. The cars are fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, mattresses, pillows, blankets, bed linen, berth curtains, toilet rooms, heat and light, and, in fact, all the conveniences of a standard Pullman Palace car; they lack only some of the expensive finish of the Pullmans run on the limited express trains, while the cost per berth is only about one-third of the price.

Write for full particulars to T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager, C., B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

KATRINKA.

Katrinka, fresh as the morning,
Gazed from her casement low;
Far off, the great-sailed windmills
Stood darkly in a row,
And the sky with the changing splendor
Of dawn was all aglow.

"I wonder," thought the maiden,
Thrilled with the glorious sight,
"If all the beauty around us,
And all the love and delight,
Comes flooding the earth at sunrise
To bide with us day and night?

"I wonder if all the goodness
That makes us steady and true
Glides softly in with the dawning
To gladden us through and through—
To lift our hearts to the Giver,
And help us in all we do?

"Yet whether we lose it or keep it,
Depends upon many a thing
Whether we're lazy or busy,
Whether we grumble or sing;
Whether our thoughts are noble,
Or whether they grovel and sting.

"Oh, the wonderful sky!" sighed Katrinka.
"How grand!—But the day has begun.
There's breakfast, and spinning, and mending,
And kettles to shine—one by one—
Good-by, you dear, beautiful morning!
There's so much to do; I must run."

Bright little maiden, Katrinka,
In the land of the dyke and the sea.
They who live in the glow of the dawning
Are, all the world over, like thee.
Bearers of sunlight and gladness,
Faithful in shadow and sadness—
The path of the day is diviner
Wherever their light may be.
—Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge in October St. Nicholas.

IN HONOR OF JOHN DALY.

[To the Editor.]

At a meeting of Div. 1, A. O. H., held at Father Mathew's hall, Taylor and Miller streets, Friday, Oct. 2, it was proposed by Brother Patrick Organ and seconded by brother William G. McNamara, on behalf of Div. 1, that a vote of congratulation be extended to John Daly, ex-M. P. for the city of Limerick, and the other Irish-American prisoners, on their recent release from their long servitude in British prisons, their crime being none other than love of country and the advocacy of a people who have been in a state of slavery for several hundred years. We admire the sterling qualities and extreme patriotism of our fellow countryman, John Daly, in refusing blood money from the secret agents of the British government to convict one of Ireland's noblest sons, who has since gone to meet his God. We have nothing but contempt to offer to a government who would adopt such cowardly tactics toward a man placed in their power as he was, but the old rebel spirit, thank God, never faltered within the breast of John Daly and his companions in suffering, and we hope the pure air of his native land will soon restore him to physical strength. We send our congratulations to his mother, who has waited so patiently for the return of her patriot son from Portland's living tomb, to which he was consigned by perjured testimony purchased with British gold.

We heartily coincide with his ideas regarding the method of freeing Ireland as expressed in his Limerick speech. It gave us pleasure to see by the Irish and American press, the enthusiastic reception accorded to him all over Ireland, and we can assure him that his many friends in America would extend him an ovation far exceeding the one in Ireland. We have repeatedly read letters of sympathy from Gladstone, and other prominent statesmen in the British parliament, regarding the Armenians and other nations, but not one word of sympathy have they ever uttered for the Irish political prisoners, who were suffering for a down-trodden people, or the outrages committed by their government on the people of Ireland. Hoping your companions in suffering will also be restored to freedom and their native land; wishing to see you re-elected to parliament once more, which would be the means, we think, of uniting the Irish people, and through your efforts gain the liberation of your suffering comrades. And we on behalf of Div. 1, extend you a Cead Mille Failthe to the land of the free and the home of the brave. If you contemplate a visit to us, your reception will be something never witnessed by our race in America. Wishing yourself and comrades a speedy restoration to health, we remain yours and Ireland's steadfast friends.

PATRICK ORGAN,
WM. G. MCNAMARA,
RICHARD KELLAHER,
Committee.

CORDOVA AT MIDNIGHT.

In the evening, after dinner, about 8 o'clock, we drew chairs out upon our little balcony above the Paseo. Listless groups had gathered about its cafes. Two gipsy children, as black as negroes, in their scant white shirts, with persistent hands and voices were carrying on Spain's one flourishing business; but it was not a stimulating sight, and, tired out with the day's journey, we went at once to bed. It must have been some two or three hours later when we were awakened by a loud crash of cymbals and blast of trumpets. Our first thought was that soldiers were marching through the town, and we hurried to the window to see. Below, a great mass of people were seated under the palms. Open carriages were passing up and down on each side, and men on horseback. Very smart nurses, with great bows of ribbon on their heads, had brought wide-awake babies out for an airing. Great trucks and vans of merchandise rumbled by. Workmen were about. Half way down the Paseo a band had just begun to play. The cafes were ablaze with light, their tables crowded to overflowing. Cordova at midnight had come to life.

The air was hot and close, used up by that vast multitude, and the dust, stirred by their ceaseless march, choked us where we stood. It was hopeless to try to sleep again, and we waited by the window. Of a sudden a bell sounded loud above the voices of the crowd. At once the band was hushed, carriages were stopped, the people on the chairs under the palms were on their feet, and not a man but stood, hat in hand. We looked to the end of the Paseo, for everybody was looking that way. From out the doors of the Moorish minaret-crowned church came a procession of men in white surplices, with flickering candles and tall lanterns, and a priest carrying the sacrament, under its golden veil, to the dying. Men who a moment before had been drinking fell upon their knees, and we could hear nothing but the tinkling bell and the murmur of a low chant, as the priest walked slowly on between the rows of kneeling people, praying there in the starlight under the palms. And so in Spain today, as yesterday, does life in a moment change from fooling to prayer, as the shadow of death passes by, only to return to its folly as readily when the shadow has passed. Once the priest had gone back to the church, and the doors were shut, the music, louder than ever, went on, where it had left off, carriages rolled on, and horsemen pranced after them.

There was no sleeping any more. We dressed and packed our bags, and when in the first dawn the band went away, and the last few stragglers were going home, and a few peasants were coming in with their donkeys, and cafes were being shut, we took our places in the hotel coach, and drove off to the station in time to catch the express from Madrid to Seville.—Elizabeth R. Pennell, in the Century.

New Music.

We have received several pieces of vocal and instrumental music from Messrs. Lyon & Healy, a detailed review of which we are compelled to defer till next issue.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Harvest Excursions.

On Sept. 29, and Oct. 6, 20, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. and most of the eastern railroads will sell Excursion tickets at very low rates to the farm lands and principal cities of the West, Northwest and Southwest. Take this opportunity to go and see the splendid crops that Nebraska, Northern Kansas and other western sections have produced this year. See that your ticket reads via Burlington Route. Send for a pamphlet (no charge) about western farm lands to P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

ECLIPSES THEM ALL.

33 1-2 Hours From Chicago to Jacksonville, Fla.

The Monon Route, with its customary enterprise, has put on a new fast train that makes the run between Chicago and Jacksonville in 35½ hours. This train is composed of elegant Pullman perfected safety vestibuled, open and compartment sleepers, including drawing-room and buffet sleepers, as well as comforable day coaches, with Monon celebrated high-back seats. This train leaves Chicago daily at 8:32 p.m., arriving at Cincinnati next morning at 7:30; Chattanooga, 5:50 p. m.; Atlanta, 10:40 p.m.; reaching Jacksonville at 8:20 the second morning, in ample time to make connection with all lines for points in Central and Southern Florida. This is the fastest time ever made by any line between Chicago and Florida. FRANK J. REED, General Passenger Agent, Chicago. City ticket office, 232 S. Clark street. For time cards, pamphlets and all other information, address L. E. SESSIONS, N. W. Passenger Agent, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Popular Scenic Route

Between Chicago, New York and Philadelphia, Solid Vestibuled Train Service, via Grand Trunk Railway System, in connection with the picturesque Lehigh Valley R. R. via Niagara Falls. Leave Chicago, Dearborn Station, via Grand Trunk Railway System at 3:10 p. m. Through Solid Vestibuled Train to New York and Philadelphia. The train runs daily, Sundays included, and consists of a combination baggage and smoking car, first-class passenger coaches and Pullman buffet sleeping cars, with dining car attached. The Entire System is Vestibuled, is lighted by gas, heated by steam, and contains all improvements lately introduced in modern railway equipment. For rates, sleeping car accommodations and further information, apply to L. R. MORROW, City Ticket Agent, 103 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Harvest Excursions

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the grand crops in the Western States and enable the intending settler to secure a home, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has arranged to run a series of harvest excursions to South and North Dakota, and to other States in the West, Northwest and Southwest on the following dates: September 29 and October 6 and [illegible] at the low rate of $2 more than one way for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address J. A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

REGISTRATION AND ELECTION.

Official notice is hereby given that for the Election of November 3rd, 1896, there are two days only for the registration of voters. Those days are

Tuesday, October 13, and Tuesday, October 20, 1896.

The Board of Registry will be in session at precinct polling places to register voters on the above dates between the hours of 8 o'clock A. M. and 9 o'clock P. M.

This being a Congressional Election, every voter must register anew—it matters not that you were registered heretofore. The law requires a new general registration this fall.

You cannot be registered at any other time or place.

UNLESS YOU ARE REGISTERED YOU CANNOT VOTE.

Election day is Tuesday, Nov. 3, 1896, Polls open at 6 o'clock A. M. and close at 4 o'clock P. M.

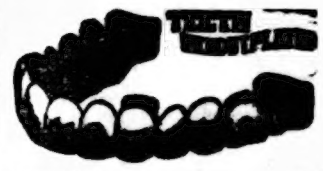
FREDERICK S. BAIRD,
CHRISTIAN MEIER,
P. H. KEENAN,
Board of Election Commissioners.
ISAAC N. POWELL,
Chief Clerk.

DR. A. F. CONROY,

DENTIST,

McVicker's Theatre Building,

ROOM 20.



Set of Teeth	$4.00
Best Set	8.00
22k. Gold Crowns	4.75
Silver Filling	.50
Gold Filling	1.00
Bridge Work, per tooth	5.00
Gold Plates	30.00

Harelip or Cleft Palate Cancers, Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

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Without change of cars. All meals served in dining cars. Palace drawing-room sleeping cars and tourists sleepers are run through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change, leaving Chicago daily

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THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE.

Through Tourist Sleeping Cars Chicago to California daily and PERSONALLY CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS every Thursday. Variable route tourist tickets at VERY LOW RATES. Detailed information and descriptive pamphlets will be mailed free on application to W. B. KNISKERN, Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago. Agents of connecting lines sell tickets via the

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RY

ILLUSION.

The sweetest face in the earth—
Between my loving hands I hold it.
How eloquent of love and worth!
What master artist hand could mold it?

I kissed the lips upturned to mine,
Twice, thrice; in eager love caressed them.
Methinks I hear them murmur "Thine!"
Again I passionately press them.

Could you believe, oh, gentle friend—
I ask the question in confusion—
That pain this rapture could attend,
And that this bliss is but illusion?

Yes, woe is mine. Oh, do not laugh!
The object of my ardent kissing,
Alas, is but a photograph.
The sweet original is missing!
—Pearson's Weekly.

NEAR ETERNITY.

Ned Standish, for this is his name, came to this country from England when a young fellow of 20 years of age. Robbed of nearly all his money in Chicago, he drifted to Fairplay, Colo., expecting to find there an old acquaintance, but he had left the place some time before. Finally, after suffering no little hardships, he fell in with an old mining prospector, Tom McIntosh by name, and accompanied him to his cabin, about 20 miles from Fairplay, and there helped him work two or three claims which he was developing. Tom was a great, huge, uncouth fellow, with a rough exterior, but with a heart as kind and true as ever pulsed in mortal breast. He took a great fancy to Ned, and between the two there soon sprang up a most devoted friendship.

About two miles from their cabin was a large English mining camp, which, through a lavish expenditure of money in improvements, etc., had attracted to it a number of rough characters, the very worst of whom, as Tom told Ned, was a young Englishman who bore a most striking resemblance to him.

"Ye haven't a black sheep of a relative on this side, have ye?" he laughingly asked Ned one night, and when the latter replied in the negative the other continued after a moment's close scrutiny of the younger man's face, "He do look astonishingly like ye."

About this time Tom went to Fairplay one afternoon for the purpose of displaying some ore which they had recently uncovered, as well as getting some provisions of which they stood in need. He asked Ned to accompany him, but the latter decided to remain behind and do some trout fishing, of which he was very fond.

It was about 1 o'clock the next afternoon, while returning to the cabin with a basket of fish, that he came face to face with a man whom he knew to be his double. From his rapid breathing it was evident that he had been running a long distance, but it was more his tense, whitened face and a hunted look in the eyes which expanded in a spasm of sudden terror at the sight of Ned.

Ned's fish rod and basket, however, quickly reassured him, and then, after gazing an instant, he asked in a sharp, nervous voice.

"Who are you, and where'd you come from?"

Briefly Ned replied, and as he finished the other remarked, "You look enough like me to be my twin brother," and then, in response to an evidently happy suggestion, he added, apparently more to himself, "I say, but this is a lucky go."

Ned was not long left in doubt as to what he meant, for in another moment he had drawn his revolver, and as he pointed it at Ned in a threatening manner he said in a sharp, peremptory tone: "Come, shed those clothes d——d quick! I want 'em. I've no time to explain now, but if you care a little bit for your life you'll not waste any time."

Ned was not slow to take the hint and proceeded at once to remove his clothes.

"I don't mind telling you," he continued as he slipped on Ned's coat, "that I've had a little trouble over in the camp, and the vigilantes are after me." And then, as he turned on his heel to depart, he added: "If you'll take a bit of advice from me, you'll get out of this d——d country as quick as you can, for if the vigilantes catch you with those clothes on they'll hang you as sure as my name is Jim White." And then he was gone.

For a moment his confused faculties failed to grasp the full significance of the incident. Then, like a flash, came the thought that if he could only get to the cabin and exchange the hateful clothes upon him for another old suit he had there he would be all right, and, grasping at the idea like a drowning man, he was in another moment tearing through the timber at a break neck speed for the cabin. He ran nearly a mile when he approached the edge of an opening or park which he remembered was about three-quarters of a mile from the cabin. His first impulse was to skirt it rather than expose himself in the opening ground, but his anxiety to get to the cabin was so great that he decided to hold on his way straight across it.

He had nearly reached the other edge when he heard the shouts of men's voices behind him. As he turned he saw six or eight men standing on the opposite edge beckoning him to stop. It probably would have been better for him had he done so, but half crazed with fear, and with Jim White's last words ringing in his ears, he thought only of escape, and, regardless of the construction which would be placed upon his act, he turned and broke into a run again.

When he at length staggered up to the cabin door, it was very evident that his race was just about run. As he entered he reeled and would have fallen had he not been nerved by the frantic desire to rid himself of those accursed clothes. Terror lent strength to his hands, and he fairly tore the hateful garments from him. Then he hastily donned the other old suit, and, concealing the discarded garments as best he could, he sank down in a chair to await developments.

Then it suddenly occurred to him that instead of returning to the cabin he should have taken to the Fairplay trail, where he would have met Tom on his way back, and then all danger would have been at an end. "Perhaps it is not too late yet," he thought, and, acting upon the suggestion, he arose and started for the door. But supposing the vigilantes should take him away and hang him how would Tom ever learn of his fate? Acting upon a sudden impulse he wrote this brief note, which he placed in a conspicuous position upon the table:

DEAR TOM—If I am not here when you come, it is because the vigilantes have taken me away and hanged me by mistake for that other Englishman. NED.

Then he opened the door and passed out. He had gone perhaps 50 yards when he was startled by the click of a rifle hammer and a stern summons to throw up his hands. He obeyed without hesitation, and a moment later he was confronted by a great, rough bearded fellow, who, with a shrill whistle, summoned several other men to his side.

"Waal, ye didn't git away, did ye, Jim?" said the man who halted Ned and who seemed to be the leader of the party.

"My name isn't Jim," replied Ned in a low, choking voice, for in imagination he already felt the hangman's noose tightening about his neck. "It's Ned Standish, and a more unlucky devil never lived."

"Ned Standish, is it?" retorted the other, a broad grin overspreading his face. "Waal, I reckon it'll be 'dead Standish' in a d——d little while," which sally provoked roars of laughter from the fellow's companions. Ned, however, protested his innocence so vehemently that, despite the conviction of his captors that he was none other than Jim White, it was decided to take him up to camp and have his case decided there instead of finishing him then, as was evidently their first intention.

He then asked permission to go into the cabin a moment, which was granted him, the men accompanying him. His purpose was to let Tom know where he was to be taken, and he added to the note which he had already written these words: "Three o'clock Thursday afternoon. They are about to take me up to the camp."

He judged rightly that the men would not attempt to destroy the note or prevent him from writing what he desired. Indeed, they looked upon it as a bluff and regarded it with amused indifference. About this time, however, an incident happened which nearly proved fatal to his hopes, for one of the more curious of the men, in prowling about the cabin, unearthed that awful suit of clothes. Shouts of triumph and cries of derision at Ned's protest greeted this discovery, for it was regarded as conclusive evidence of his guilt. Some of the men were for taking him outside and finishing him, especially the fellow who found the suit, who denounced him in bitterest terms as a murderer, liar and scoundrel of the deepest dye. The leader, however, decided to take him up to the camp, and this was done without further delay.

Arrived there, he was taken to a large, partially filled storehouse, where a number of men, presumably vigilantes, quickly assembled. Then, with considerable show of formality, his trial began. A number of men were selected to act as jurors, who seated themselves on boxes and barrels somewhat apart from the others. Then the prosecution, or whatever you may be pleased to call it, offered its evidence. Several men identified Ned as Jim White, and three positively swore that they saw him fire the fatal shot which had killed Dick Allen and Ed Hope. Then the men who had captured him told the story of his flight, capture and the discovery of the clothes concealed in Tom McIntosh's cabin, which were identified by a number of men as those worn by White at the time of the shooting. And then the prosecution rested.

The evidence seemed overwhelming, and that it was regarded as conclusive by every one in the room was apparent. Then Ned was asked if he had anything to say in his own behalf. There was a method about the whole proceeding that was entirely at variance with Ned's preconceived notions of vigilante justice, which, together with the character of the evidence, left him but little hope as to his chance of escape.

For several moments he did not respond, for he felt the utter futility of attempting to convince these men that he was other than Jim White, but the love of life which is so strong in most men at length asserted itself, and he began to speak. It was with a low, calm voice that he began, for the certainty of his impending fate made him seem to himself as good as dead. In simple, earnest words he told the story of his unhappy lot since coming to this country, and there was more than one who, looking into his frank, youthful face, was for the first time disturbed with grave doubts as to whether he was Jim White after all. In the same simple, quiet way he told the story of the day's incidents, and the deep, respectful silence which followed told as eloquently as the grave, sober faces about him how deep was the impression which his words had made.

For several moments this silence continued, but was broken at length by a voice saying in sharp, contemptuous tones: "It's jest a clever bit of actin He's Jim White. We all know he's Jim White."

Thus the effect of Ned's story was swept away, and it was but a few minutes after the jury announced that they believed the prisoner to be Jim White. Then preparations for the execution were made. A stout, heavy rope was brought in and fastened to a beam above. A rough noose was made at the other end, and then one of the men approached Ned to pinion his arms.

These ominous preparations seemed to suddenly quicken the love of life within him, and then, like an inspiration, came a sudden thought to his mind.

"You would not hang an innocent man, would you?" he asked with a ring of hope in his voice.

"No," several voices promptly answered.

"Well, then," continued Ned, "wait until Tom McIntosh returns from Fairplay, and if he does not identify me as Ned Standish then I'll submit without another word to be hanged."

It was a reasonable proposition, and so seemed to the men about him, and there was an evident disposition to comply with his request, when the same fellow who had spoken before shouted out: "What's the use of foolin any longer with this fellow. We all know he's Jim White. We all know what we've suffered from him and his gang, and it's jest a scheme to delay things until the gang can git together and rescue him." That settled Ned's fate, and he was told to prepare for the end.

The decision seemed so unjust, so cruel, so infamous, that it aroused a great anger within him, and he broke forth in bitter denunciation of them. They were cruel, cold blooded murderers, he declared, and for several moments he excoriated them with passion and vehemence. Stung beyond endurance at his savage thrusts, one of them—the same fellow who just a moment before had turned the scales against him—drew his revolver, and, with a fierce oath, sprang forward as though to fell him to the floor. Glowing with wrath, Ned sprang to meet him, and just as the fellow raised his revolver, he struck him a terrific blow full in the face, which felled him to the floor.

Then a scene of wild confusion followed. A half dozen or more men sought to secure him; but, inspired with rage and a sense of the deep wrong done him, he fought like a wild beast. Back and forth the crowd struggled, fierce oaths and low cries of pain mingling with the shuffling of feet, for Ned managed several times to free his arms from the grasp of those about him, and on each occasion he sent some one reeling to the floor. But the weight of numbers soon told, and in a few moments he was lying securely bound.

There was little delay in the proceedings thereafter. He was blindfolded, placed on a high box several feet from the floor, the noose was adjusted about his neck, and then, at a signal, the box was pushed from beneath him. Millions of stars seemed to flash before his darkened eyes, a thousand great bells seemed to be clanging in his ears, his chest felt as if it would burst open, and then—oblivion.

* * * * * *

About 4 o'clock on the same afternoon a huge fellow drove two heavily laden donkeys up before a cabin about two miles down the gulch.

"Hello, Ned, my lad!" he shouted in a cheery voice. "What, not in?" he continued as no reply came to him from within. "The boy must be fishing."

Then he pushed the door open and walked in. The piece of paper upon the table instantly caught his eye, and going up to it he read the note which Ned had left for him. With a hoarse cry of mingled grief and rage he turned and rushed for the door, picking up as he went his winchester.

Then he dashed out and started up the trail for the camp at a pace too terrific to be maintained for any considerable distance.

If any one had chanced to have met that man on that occasion he would surely have given him the right of way, for supplementing the powerful figure was a look in that set face, in those gray eyes, which boded infinite trouble for some one. On and on he went with no apparent slackening of his pace. The great lungs worked faster and faster. When he had covered another half mile, his pace had slackened to a slow, staggering trot. The look upon that haggard face had become something terrible, and it seemed as though each succeeding moment must witness his total collapse. But on he went, staggering at times, but holding to his course with a determination as grim and unyielding as fate.

As he ran into camp he saw a crowd assembled about the storehouse, which at that moment broke into a cheer. Spurred on by the awful fear at his heart Tom summoned his exhausted energies for one supreme effort. In another moment he was on the edge of the crowd, which parted with wonder before him, and then he was at the door of the storehouse. He hurled his great body against it, and as it burst open he saw the figure suspended in midair. With a hoarse, despairing cry, such that those who heard it will never forget, he rushed toward the hanging boy, and, as he mounted a box, drew his knife preparatory to cutting the rope, and shouted in tones of maddened rage and grief: "Curse your cowardly, murdering souls! If you scoundrels have killed that boy you will have to settle with me!"

No one attempted to stop him, for they all realized that a terrible mistake had been made, and when a moment later the white, limp figure was cut down and laid gently on the floor many there were who sought to help Tom in the work of resuscitation. With fierce oaths, he pushed them aside, and then, as he sprinkled water on the white upturned face and gently chafed the nerveless hands, he called out in the most piteous tones: "It's Tom, lad! It's me, Ned. Don't you know me? I'm with ye lad, now. Have no fear!"

But as minute after minute passed without any signs of returning consciousness it seemed as though the work of resuscitation was to fail. Tom, however redoubled his efforts, and at length, to his infinite joy, he discerned a faint sign of returning life. There was just a faint tremor of an eyelid, and then a minute later a low, deep sigh escaped the boy. In another moment his eyes slowly opened and Tom knew that the battle was won. Then came the reaction from the strain and excitement under which the noble fellow had labored, and before any one could interpose a helping hand he sank in a faint beside the boy whom he had saved.—Denver News.

IN THE COUNTRY P. O.

THE MAN WHOSE AUNT IS POSTMISTRESS TELLS A STORY.

The Village Postoffice Is a Great Place to Study Human Nature—The Girl and Her Sweetheart's Letter Cause the Postmistress to Think of the Long Ago.

"I have an aunt," said a well known Rochesterian the other afternoon as he sat in a down town office to wait until the worst of the rain had passed over, "who is postmistress in one of the prettiest little hamlets in western New York. A beautiful town it is, I tell you, nestled amid vine clad hills and bold scenery. It is an ideal place for a summer's vacation, as it stands at the foot of a pretty lake, whose waters stretch away for miles and upon whose waves many a mooulight ride can be enjoyed."

The men who were gathered in the office applauded the beauty of expression into which their friend had fallen in his poetic fervor for the place of his aunt's nativity. It was declared by one that to have an aunt who lived in such a town was better far than to wear a crown.

"Yes," replied the eulogist, "it is a great joy. To have an aunt serenely abiding in such a lovely place is more than falls to the lot of any of you ordinary mortals. But to have an aunt who is postmistress as well as resident—that is perfectly entrancing. I have been down to see her lately, and I spent one or two mornings with her behind the little boxes into which the mail of the inhabitants is placed. Of course she knows every one, and almost all of them have a word of greeting for her.

"'You must get quite an insight into the affairs of this neighborhood,' I said to her one day, 'handling so much of its correspondence.'

"'Yes,' she said. 'I know a good deal that is going on. I cannot help it. Many of the letters which go through my hands tell their own story without opening them. It is all stamped on the outside. I get very familiar with the handwriting of these people about me, and this fact often reveals to me some plots and schemes which the writers fancy are profoundly secret.'

"'You interest me greatly,' I said.

"'Lawyers, doctors, newspapermen, and business men have their secrets,' she went on, 'and postoffice officials have theirs also. I think, however, ours are guarded the best, because the law compels us to keep our mouths closed.

"'There comes a girl now,' she exclaimed as she looked out of the window down the street. 'Now just watch her when she comes in. She will carry a very anxious look on her face until she sees there is a letter in her box; then just notice how her expression changes. She will go and peek at the letter first, and when she sees it is from him—from the young man—she will give one little subdued exclamation of joy and ask me for it with a face wreathed in smiles. See if I have not described her actions correctly.

"Of course I was deeply interested, and secured a point of view where I could observe the young woman closely. True enough, she came in with a most preoccupied look on her face, as if she were debating whether she dared to hope for a letter. She went directly to the box which interested her, and when she saw the letter which it contained a little smile rippled over her face which made me feel both guilty and envious as I watched from behind the scenes. Then she raised herself on her tiptoes, screened her eyes with her hands, and carefully examined the directions on the envelope. When her heels touched the floor again, a look of such ecstasy swept over her countenance that I was for going out and congratulating her on the spot. A man feels like throwing up his hat in the air and shouting hurrah when a girl beams like that, no matter if the lucky man is miles away. But the postmistress frantically motioned for me to keep quiet, as she went to the delivery window to wait on the young miss. Up walked the girl as big as life, her face radiant, her eyes full of a laughter which told the entire story.

"The postmistress handed the letter to her demurely enough, but it was pounced upon as if it were the rarest treasure on top of the earth. It went into her pocket after she had given it one loving glance, and then the girl disappeared down the street, walking as if she was as happy as a queen.

"'She gets a letter about every day,' explained the postmistress, 'and she seems as anxious for every one of them as if it was the first in years. And when she expects a communication from that youth and it does not come, her face is a study. Every particle of joy seems to leave it. You noticed how triumphantly she swaggered down the street just now, I presume.

"'If you could see her on one of the days when the coveted epistle does not reach her you would hardly believe it was the same girl. Slowly she drags herself along, her head downcast, her eyes almost in tears, and you fairly hear her exclaiming out of her heart full of woe: "Oh, why didn't he write? What is the matter?" Not so very strange, either. I used to feel that way myself once upon a time. There were lots of joy and sorrow, many heartburns and little quarrels, but after all it was very sweet to me—those years long ago when he was young and I thought there was no one on top of the earth his equal. It couldn't last forever, could it? He turned out well and has paid the debt, but'"—

"See here," said one of the party, "the skies are clearing, and it is time we were all going before you go any farther in the affairs of the postmistress. It is quite scandalous the way you are telling her secrets."

"Yes, I have given you enough for today, but there are a number of characters that I saw through the eyes of the postmistress, and some other afternoon I will give you another one of them."—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

COSTERMONGER CARTS.

Oddities on Wheels Seen In the Streets of London.

All who pass along the thoroughfares of the metropolis, bestowing more than a cursory glance upon the many phases of its busy street life, must be struck with astonishment to observe the various modes of conveyance used by those who resort to the public thoroughfares for a livelihood. From the more provident costermonger's pony and donkey cart to the rusty old iron tray slung around the neck by the vender of blacking and down to the ragged little boy with his lucifer matches in the last remains of a willow hand basket or a cigar box, the shape and variety of the means resorted to by the costermongers and other street sellers for carrying about their goods are almost as manifold as the articles they vend.

The pony—or donkey—carts (and the latter is by far the more usual beast of draft) of the prosperous costermongers are of three kinds. The first is of an oblong shape, with a rail behind, upon which is placed a tray filled with bunches of greens, turnips, celery, etc., while other commodities are laid in the bed of the cart.

Another kind is the common square cart without springs, which is so constructed that the sides, as well as the front and back, will let down and form shelves whereon the stock may be arranged to advantage.

The third sort of pony cart is one of home manufacture, consisting of the framework of a body without sides, or front, or hind part. Sometimes a coster's barrow is formed into a donkey cart merely by fastening with cord two rough poles to the handles. All these several kinds of carts are used for the conveyance of either fruit, vegetables or fish; but besides these there is the salt vender's cart, with and without the tilt or covering, and a square piece of tin (stuck into a block of salt) on which is painted "Salt 3lb. a penny." Then there is the poultry cart, with the wild ducks and rabbits dangling at its sides, and with two uprights and a cross stick upon which are suspended birds, etc., slung across in couples.

The above conveyances are all of small dimensions, the barrow being generally about 5 feet long and 3 feet wide, while the carts are mostly about 4 feet square.

Every kind of harness is used. Some are well blacked and greased and glittering with brass, others are almost as gray with dust as the donkey itself. Some of the animals are gaudily caparisoned in an old carriage harness which fits like a man's coat on a boy's back, while the plated silver ornaments are pink, with the copper showing through. Others have rude traces and bellybands, and not a few indulge in old cotton handkerchiefs for pads.

The next conveyance (which, indeed, is the most general) is the costermonger's handbarrow. These are very light in their make, with springs terminating at the axle. Some have rails behind for the arrangement of their goods; others have not. Some have side rails, while others have only the framework. The shape of these barrows is oblong, and sloped from the hind part toward the front. The bottom of the bed is not boarded, but consists of narrow strips of wood nailed athwart and across.

When the coster is hawking his fish or vending his green stuff, he provides himself with a wooden tray, which is placed upon his barrow. Those who cannot afford a tray get some pieces of board and fasten them together, these answering their purpose as well. Pineapple and pineapple rock barrows are not infrequently seen with small, bright colored flags at the four corners fluttering in the wind.

Then there are the cat and dog's meat barrows. These, however, are merely common wheelbarrows, with a board in front and a ledge or shelf, formed by a piece of board nailed across the top of the barrow, to answer the purpose of a cutting board. Lastly, there is the hearthstone barrow piled up with hearthstone, Bath brick and lumps of whiting.—Spare Moments.

The Czar and the Reporters.

Some strange stories are afloat concerning the way in which certain special correspondents were treated at the coronation of the czar. The journalists who went to Moscow for the ceremony were supposed to have been treated with the greatest consideration and courtesy and to have had a good time generally, but as a matter of fact they were as closely watched as if they had been the most desperate criminals, and their lightest words were at once reported to the police authorities.

Several correspondents who in conversation chanced to remark upon the contrast between the barbaric splendor of the coronation festivities and the miserable condition of the Russian peasantry were handed their passports and given 48 hours in which to clear out of the country. Doubtless the representatives of one or two big English papers were treated well enough, but the rank and file of the fourth estate were harassed and badgered by the Moscow police as if they were going about with bombs in their coattail pockets seeking the life of the czar of all the Russias.—London Figaro.

Railroad Mileage.

In no other country on the face of the globe is the railroad mileage anywhere near as large relatively to the number of inhabitants as in the United States. To see this one has only to turn to the latest statistics on the subject. The chief nations of Europe have one mile of railroad to an average of 2,600 people, while in this country the average is 380 inhabitants to one mile of road. This is the result of the competition between different railroad companies. In Iowa, where the fight is perhaps bitterest, the number of inhabitants to one mile of road is only 243, while Germany, with very nearly the same amount of mileage, has 1,895 inhabitants to the mile, a number nearly eight times as great.—Washington Times.

Purcell's Church Music.

In Purcell's great church music, which is far better known than his secular work, he is still full of respect for his works; he is also still dramatic, but dramatic with a difference. He was far too great a man not to see the fine distinction, which foolish people nowadays are apt to ignore, between sacred music and secular; far too great not to realize that, although sacred music must excite nearly all the emotions excited by secular music, or it becomes formal and unhuman, yet it must excite them with a different object and from a different motive or it becomes sensational and sentimental. Many English church composers have fallen into the first error and written music which, as Mr. Barrett says, "is like chaff for dryness and unlike chaff for heaviness." Many foreign composers have fallen into the second—Rossini, for example. Rossini's remark that he "knew only two kinds of music, good and bad," is exactly what might have been expected from the composer of his "Stabat Mater." But Purcell steers a noble course between the two extremes. In his anthem and in his great "Te Deum," the original manuscript of which has been lately recovered by Dr. Bridge, we have the finest work of English church music as well as perhaps the finest work of the master himself.

His connection with Westminster abbey was not the only post of honor he held. He was also organist of the Chapel royal and composer in ordinary to the king, and all this at 25. Besides these regular appointments, we hear of him playing elsewhere—at the Temple church, for instance, on that exquisite organ, which, for chastened and refined beauty has scarcely an equal. At the famous contest between the organ builders Harris and Smith, which lasted for a twelvemonth and became so violent that one night the friends of Harris crept in and cut the bellows of Smith's organ, Purcell was employed to play for Smith. Perhaps it was partly owing to him that the instrument was finally chosen by Judge Jeffreys instead of the one by Harris.—Temple Bar.

Siam Sapphire Mines.

The Pailin mines are spread over an area six miles by two and consist of 13 mining villages, the chief of which are Baw Taka and Baw Dineo. These two are more than four miles apart, but they are joined by an excellent road cut through the forest and well drained. Sapphires are found all over this district. The whole countryside is riddled with holes sunk in the red soil down to the sapphire layer. Formerly the stones were found quite near the surface, but these places have long since been exhausted, although the Burmese still continue to turn over the old heaps in the firm conviction that precious stones grow. Now the stones are found at a depth of from 15 to 25 feet in a reddish, gravelly layer of varying thickness up to 18 inches. The pit sunk is usually some 5 feet in diameter and either square or circular. Soil is raised in bamboo baskets attached to the end of a balanced lever, and when the sapphire layer is reached the stratum is carried to the nearest water and washed carefully for stones. Not more than one shaft in three pays for its working expenses, but when the sapphire layer is struck the profits may be large indeed. It is all a question of luck. To dig and work out one shaft occupies two or three men one month. Two or three Burmese generally go into partnership and hire Laos miners to work for them and sink the shaft at the rate 2 ticals (2s. 8d.) per 18 inches. Occasionally sapphires of considerable value reward the miner, but the sapphires of Pailin are of more commercial value because of their quantity than because of their intrinsic excellence.—London Times.

Air In the Bones of Birds.

It is often said by persons who are not well enough acquainted with the science of ornithology to know whether they speak the truth or not that the bones of the turkey vulture are hollow air chambers, so constructed as to admit of continuous flight with but slight effort on the part of the bird. Of late years it has become the general belief that the bones of almost all varieties of birds are simply air cylinders and that the lordly turkey vulture and the condor are not better provided for in that particular than a host of smaller birds.

In order to get some scientific light on the subject, Dr. Crisp dissected 52 species of birds, great and small, but found only 13 in which the wing bones were hollow, and only one, the sparrow hawk, appeared to have the bony air chambers perforated. In 38 others examined by the doctor there were no signs of air in the bones, although in this list there were several birds of long and rapid flight. Dr. Crisp's conclusions are that there are but few birds which have been provided with natural air chambers, and that in cases where the provision is made it is not of such material benefit as has been generally supposed.—St. Louis Republic.

A Gifted Genius.

The new reporter had admitted that his knowledge of newspaper work was slight, but as the staff was short he was taken on. That he was a good man he showed that evening in a style peculiarly his own.

He had been taking a late supper at an all night restaurant, and some little controversy arose while he was there. Grasping at once the fact that this was a news item, he stopped not to witness the trouble, but rushed to the office.

"Say," gasped he, out of breath. "there's a man trying to kill the waiter over at the Australian restaurant, You'd better send a reporter over there right away."—Louisville Commercial.

The Experienced Cheese.

"Standing committees in our club?" said the new woman. "Certainly. All formed of members who are in the habit of riding in the trolley cars."

The man, in conscious guilt, blushed vociferously, as Mr. Stephen Crane might say.—Indianapolis Journal.

DUSTY BY ACTUAL COUNT.

A Scientist Has Numbered the Dust Particles In the Very Purest Air.

It has always been believed that there could be no dust in the air of midocean, or upon mountain peaks thousands of feet above the sea level where the snows are eternal. But science has recently demonstrated that such is not the case. It has even gone farther than finding dust in these places. It has counted, with the utmost accuracy, the number of particles in a cubic centimeter.

Dust measurements were made from air over the open ocean and in mountain regions at altitudes from 6,000 feet to more than 13,000 feet. On the Bleshorn, in Switzerland, which forms part of the Alpine chain, containing the Rothhorn and Weisshorn, rising about 9,000 feet above the Zermatt valley on the east, and some 8,000 feet from that of Ziani on the west, the observations showed that at an elevation of 6,700 feet there were 950 dust particles in a cubic centimeter, which measures a little over one-third of an inch. At 8,400 feet elevation only 513 dust particles were found, and at 13,600 feet above the sea the number diminished to 157 per cubic centimeter.

Over the Indian ocean the average number of dust particles in a cubic centimeter was less than 500 for seven out of nine days, and on five days was less than 400. During a thick fog in the Atlantic the air was found to contain 3,120 dust particles per cubic centimeter, while in the clear region just beyond the fog there were only 280 dust particles in the same space.

Probably even few men of science would be able to tell how these particles could be counted, but a wonderful little instrument has been devised which makes the task an easy one. The dust counter which Mr. Fridlander employs contains a chamber into which air can be introduced saturated with water vapor. Then it is slightly and quickly cooled. Owing to the fall of temperature, condensation of vapor takes place on the dust nuclei, which then fall on to a micrometer plate at the bottom of the chamber, where they are rendered easily visible for counting by the water layer which coats them.—New York Journal.

GORGEOUS AND FAST.

An Amateur Skipper's Experience With an Erstwhile Unbeaten Catboat.

Summing up the advantages of certain places for the enjoyment of vacation and dilating on the pleasure and excitement of sailing small boats, an amateur skipper related an experience on the south shore of Long Island by saying: "I couldn't get away from town until the middle of the season, and when I arrived at—well, no matter where—I had difficulty in finding a catboat, but after a day's hunt I found a 17 footer, the only boat on that part of the bay that had not been let for the rest of the season. She had a black body and a yellow deck, with blue trimmings, red seats and a lead colored floor. She was a little too gorgeous for my taste, but I had to take her or have nothing.

"The bayman that owned her said that he had been too busy to put her in condition before that time. 'She's a fine boat, sir, and fast, too,' he said. 'She's won every race in her class, and she can carry sail with the best of 'em.' I took her, but in the course of a week I couldn't get much speed out of her. She lugged her sail all right, and the best fun I had was in taking her out in rough weather and letting her slash through the worst of the water.

"One day we had a race, and I entered the boat. I don't remember whether I was the last or the next to the last at the finish, but I know I had no show whatever for a place. Afterward I thought I'd make some inquiries.

"'Do you know my boat, Cap?' I asked, trying to get into confidential relations with an old bayman who was trying to ease himself through the rest of his lifetime by the use of a stout piece of cherry.

"'Reckon I do,' he replied, and he tried to repress a smile.

"'How old is she?'

"''Bout ten year, I reckon.'

"'How many races has she sailed in?'

"'One besides this.'

"'Did she win that?'

"'Yes, by a finke. The other boat broke down.'"—New York Times.

Couldn't Be Done.

During a rehearsal at a country theater some years ago the stage manager, in looking over what would be required for the play, discovered that he would need six cigars each night for a part played by himself, which fact he communicated to the property man.

"What!" cried the economical property man. "Six a night? Why, that will be 3 shillings a week!"

"Eh?" gasped the stage manager, horrified at the prospect of having to smoke the inferior weed, "You don't mean to say you are going to give me penny ones?"

"Well," stammered the property man, "upon my word, sir, I can't get them any cheaper."—London Answers.

White For Yachting.

The color chosen by experienced yachtswomen for general wear is white. It neither fades nor spots with salt water. Exposure to the sun only causes the creamy tone to become richer and darker, besides all of which advantages it is considered more chic than the time honored blue.

There is this immense benefit in machinery, that it carries on those operations which debase the mind and injure the faculties. A man by constantly performing the same operations becomes unfit for any other. — Sir Humphry Davy.

Women cannot throw because of a peculiar formation of the shoulder blade that prevents the swing necessary to the proper propulsion of a stone or other object.

A BOY AND A BALLOON.

Or How Business Was Interrupted In a Chicago Department Store.

The small boy had purchased a rubber balloon in the toy department.

He was tagging after his mother in the crowded first floor of the big department store when some one jolted against him so that he let go of the string. The rubber balloon floated upward until it reached the ceiling.

The boy howled in dismay, and his mother dropped her bundles, imagining that some one had walked on him.

There was the balloon bobbing against the ceiling.

The boy held up his hands toward it and demanded that it be returned to him. His mother gathered up her bundles and scolded him for being careless. Then the aisle became blocked with people who offered suggestions.

"Get a long fishing pole," said one.

"How did it happen?" asked another.

"How long will it stay up there?" inquired yet another.

A porter came running to find out what was the matter. A dozen willing people pointed out the balloon that rested lightly against the ceiling and was shifted about by every little movement of the air.

"I don't see how I can get it," said he.

"Oh, you ought to get it for the boy," said a large man, who had established himself as master of ceremonies. "You bought the balloon here in the store, didn't you, madam?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"She bought the balloon here in the store," said the large man to the porter. "I think if you get a long window pole and stand on that highest shelf that you can fish it down."

It was a 5 cent balloon, but the porter went after it as if it were the bag of gold that hangs from every rainbow.

He found the pole and climbed to the high shelf. Several hundred people stopped their shopping and watched him for five minutes as he vainly poked in an effort to fasten the end of the window pole in the dangling string.

At last he was successful.

The balloon was slowly hauled down, to the intense gratification of every one except the small boy, who had become interested in a small aquarium containing goldfish.—Chicago Record.

COLOR IN PLANTS.

The Most Important Coloring Substance In the World Is Chlorophyll.

Chlorophyll is perhaps the most important coloring substance in the world, for upon this substance depend the characteristic activity of plants, the synthesis of complex compounds from carbon dioxide and water process, upon which the existence of all living things is ultimately conditioned. Only in a very few unimportant forms devoid of chlorophyll can the synthesis of complex from simple compounds or from the elements be accomplished. The function of chlorophyll may only be comprehended when its chief physical properties are understood. These may be best illustrated by placing a gram of chopped leaves of grass or geranium in a few cubic centimeters of strong alcohol for an hour.

Such a solution will be of a bright, clear green color, and when the vessel containing it is held in such a manner that the sunlight is reflected from the surface of the liquid it will appear blood red, due to its property of fluorescence, that of changing the wave length of the rays of light of the violet and of the spectrum in such a manner as to make them coincide with those of the red end. It is by examination of light which has passed through a solution of chlorophyll, however, that the greatest insight into its physical properties may be gained. If such a ray of light is passed through a prism and spread out on a screen, it may be seen that there are several large intervals of dark bands in the spectrum. The rays of light which would have occupied these spaces have been absorbed by the chlorophyll and converted into heat and other forms of energy. This energy is directly available to the protoplasm containing the chorophyll, and by means of it the synthesis of complex substance may be accomplished.—Popular Science Monthly.

Who Were the Basques?

The dialect of the Spanish Basque provinces, such as we have it in the songs and proverbs which have acquired for this people quite a European reputation, is really a hideous mixture of Spanish patois—Spanish, more or less adulterated with French—and Moorish or Arabic. Many of their words have a curious resemblance to corresponding English words—just as we find in our English slang a good many gypsy words. For instance, the Basque word gorry (which signifies red, rusty, bloody, gory), the word gono (gown), escura (school), irina (farina, flour), curritzen (course, courrier), du (does, from the verb to do), leira (letter), teilature (roof, tile), cantua (song, canticle), boina (bonnet), etc.

The music of the popular Basque songs is in general plaintive and couched in the minor keys. The melodies, like the language, are a tradition—as no composers' names have come down to us—and this, again, is a singular compound of Spanish and oriental melody. It also confirms my view of the origin of this interesting people, so that I have the language and the music both fighting to uphold my theory.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Suggestion.

It was suggested by some one at the late Louisville convention that women residing in market towns should open their clubrooms on market days for the benefit of the women who come into town, that they might have a pleasant and comfortable place in which to rest and lunch. If practicable, the idea is a good one, and women in surrounding places might by that means be interested in uniting and working for something most needed in their own community.

SCOLDING WOMEN.

Formerly a Greater Pest In England Than at the Present Day.

Formerly the "common scold"—the woman who made her neighbors' lives intolerable with her raging temper, her bitter tongue, her slanders and calumnies—was found everywhere. Laws were passed recognizing her as one kind of criminal. There were two forms of punishment by which she was repressed or deterred or cowed into gentleness—viz, the cucking stool and the brank. The cucking stool assumed various shapes, but it generally consisted of a chair on one end of a beam, which rested on a bar so as to make a seesaw. Sometimes the chair was hung from the beam by a chain. The culprit being tied on the chair, the other end of the beam went up and the chair went down into the water, sousing the woman completely. They did this three times, after which they let her go.

Such stools belonged to nearly every parish. Like the stocks and the pillory, they formed part of the furniture of justice. For instance, about London, there was one on Bankside with which they ducked the wives of the players. There was one at Radcliffe, one at Kingston-on-Thames, and there was one which stood till the beginning of this century beside the great pond or reservoir of the Green park.

Apparently the chair and the cold bath did not completely destroy the female tendency to scold, for it was found necessary to invent another punishment, which was extensively adopted, although not authorized by the law. This was the "brank," or "scold's bridle," which consisted of a small cage formed by iron hoops to fit the head, with a piece of iron which pressed the tongue and formed the gag. Thus adorned, the scold was either led or carried about the town for all the world to see. Sometimes she was placed on a high scaffold. The brank was used in some places down to the beginning of the century. Its disuse, its disappearance, make one incline to the belief that the scold has also disappeared. However, such is not the case. The disease or infirmity of scolding still exists, but in a much milder form. The mildness of the modern form is mainly due to the improved conditions of life.

Two hundred years ago the village household was insufficiently fed; the quality as well as the quantity of the food was bad; work was hard; men were rough; husbands beat their wives habitually; in cold weather they were thinly clad; in hot weather their clothes were too thick. If there was any indulgence possible, it took the form of beer. Tea did not exist. Children, hungry and cold, cried all day and all night; everything combined to exasperate a woman. What wonder if, from time to time, she lost control of herself and became copiously eloquent over her wrongs? Things have greatly improved. The husband no longer—or very seldom—beats his wife; the food has become cheap; wages have gone up; luxuries, formerly unattainable, have become necessaries; the scold is dying out of the land because there is so little left to scold about.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A WOMAN'S ARM.

Well Known Sculptor Describes It as the Perfect One Should Be.

"I find great difficulty in getting a model with good arms," said a well known sculptor recently. "It is astonishing how very few women have arms that conform to the standard. A perfect arm measured from the armpit to the wrist joint should be twice the length of the head. The upper part of the arm should be large, full and well rounded. The forearm must not lie too flat, not nearly so flat as a man's, for example. A dimple at the elbow adds beauty to a well proportioned arm.

"From a well molded shoulder the whole arm should taper in long, graceful curves to a symmetrical and rounded wrist. It is better to have an arm that harmonizes even if the parts do not follow the generally accepted lines. For instance, a full, round upper arm which is joined to a flat or thin forearm has a very bad effect. It is only a degree worse, however, than a graceful, well molded forearm tacked on to a thin, scrawny upper arm.

"Correctness of form is not the only thing necessary for a good arm. The owner must possess the power of expression in her arms. As a general thing American women are deficient in this. Those nationalities which show the most expression in their arms are the Spanish, French and Italians. The warmest admirer of Sarah Bernhardt would not claim that she had beautiful arms, yet no one can say that the divine Sarah ever appears ungainly in consequence. Much more lies in the faculty of arm expression than is generally supposed."—Boston Post.

Tucked Gowns.

Tucked gowns are in very high vogue, and we see pretty summer toilets of pink, cream or blue dimity, organdy, zephyr goods, chambray, figured French lawn and similar fabrics, with tucked bodices, the tucks, as a rule, about an inch wide and running horizontally from neck to belt or from the neck to half the length of the waist, forming a yoke. Skirts are likewise tucked their entire length, or from the hem to the knees, and puffed sleeves are tucked round and round the puff, with, in many cases, rows of lace insertion between.—New York Letter.

So We Do.

When we get a new article of dress we pretend to have had it for some time; but when it has grown old in our service we endeavor to make others believe that it is brand new or very near it.—Boston Transcript.

Couldn't Bear Torture.

Customer—Is that the razor you shaved me with the last time?

Knight of the Razor—Yes, sir.

Customer—Chloroform, please!—London Tit-Bits.

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County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch 529 W. Erie-st.

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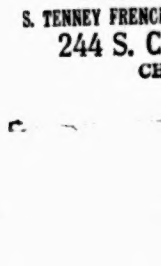

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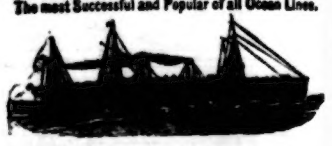

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